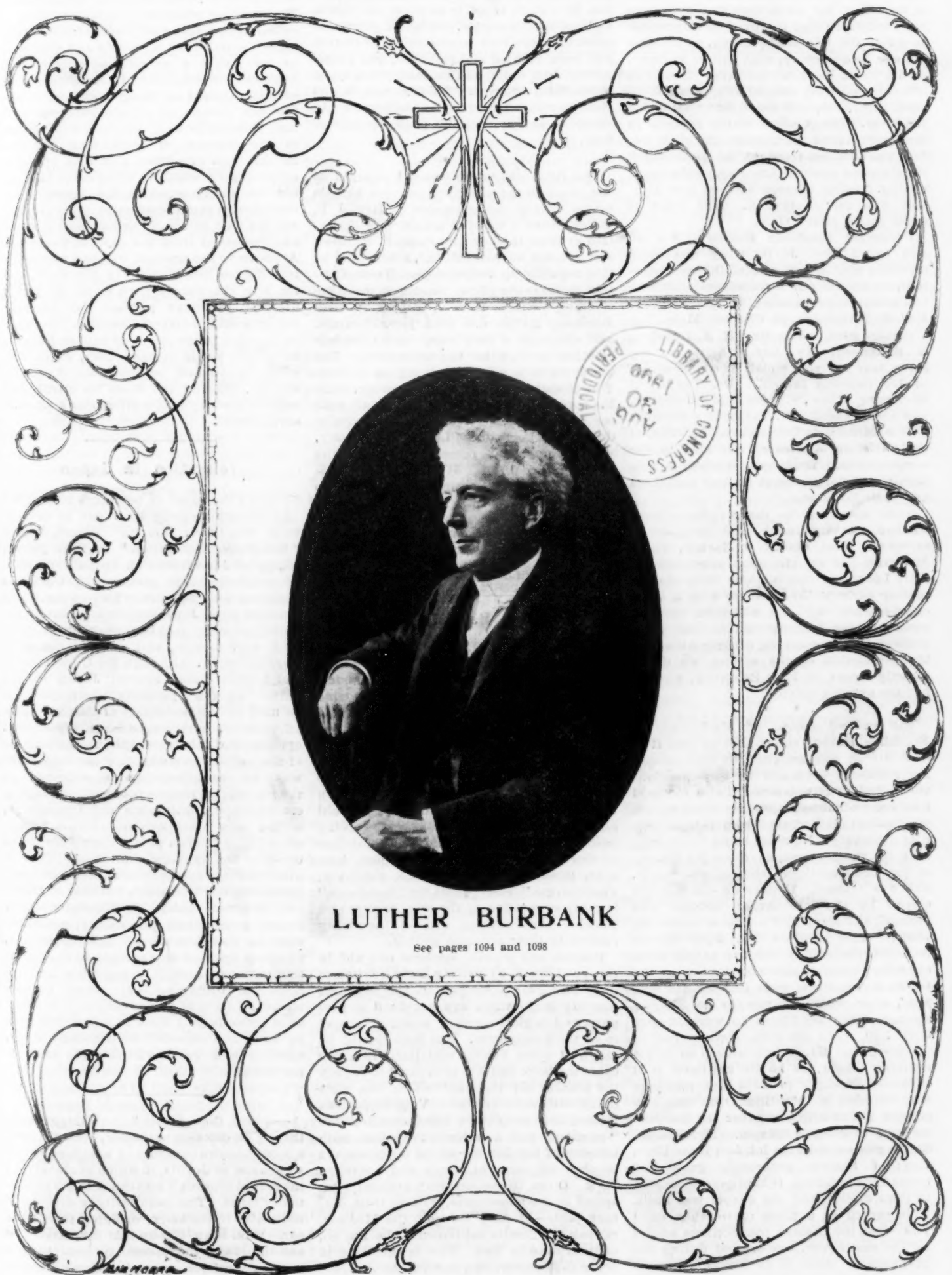


Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1906



The Field Secretary's Corner

MY next appointment was at Boothbay Harbor. Reaching Bath late in the afternoon of Saturday, July 28, I found the city and bay enveloped in a dense fog, which effectually prevented the boat, which was to take me to Boothbay Harbor, from making the dangerous passage between the two points. After waiting at the wharf for more than two hours, we were informed that it would be impossible to make the trip that evening, so we were obliged to go ashore, with orders to report at 5 o'clock the next morning. Although it had not entirely cleared away, we started soon after five, and made our way down the river. The wisdom of the captain in not undertaking the passage the night before was soon apparent, for as we threaded the tortuous channel the rocky ledges and swiftly flowing current showed how difficult was the navigation. One place is aptly called Hell's Gate.

I reached Boothbay Harbor at 8 A. M., and found Rev. J. H. Gray anxiously awaiting me. I had a splendid congregation, among whom were several ministerial brethren summering in this vicinity. Rev. E. T. Curnick, of Clinton, Mass., has a cottage here, while Rev. R. N. Joscelyn, of Biddeford, Me., has a home on the shore near by, from which he comes across in his naphtha launch. Dr. Taylor, of Rochester, Minn., a guest of Mr. Joscelyn, was also present. Dr. Taylor is a member of the Minnesota Conference. Mr. Joy, of the *Christian Advocate*, was also in the congregation. Boothbay Harbor is evidently a favorite resort for our preachers and their families.

After speaking to the Sunday school, we had a hasty lunch, and then drove across to West Boothbay Harbor, where Mr. Gray has an afternoon appointment. Here I found a commodious little chapel, seating perhaps 150 persons, with a good congregation for the afternoon service, among whom I recognized several faces present in the morning congregation. At the conclusion of the service we drove directly across to East Boothbay, where I had the evening service.

The earliest record of Methodism in Boothbay Harbor states that in 1858 Rev. S. F. Strout was assigned to this charge. No reference is made to any previous work, but it is presumed that a foothold had been obtained, and that there were a few "called Methodists" who desired regular preaching. No place being found suitable for the services, a request for the use of the Congregational church was made, but was refused. Finally an old sail loft owned by the late Arber Marson was secured, and served for a time as a meeting place. After a time Mr. Paul Harris tendered the society the use of his store chamber, over what is now known as the G. W. Lewis store, rent free for the first year, after which it was to be \$50 per annum. They continued to worship here until 1860, when the congregations had so increased that Mr. Harris refused to let the building longer, as he did not deem it of sufficient strength to hold the numbers who crowded it. Mr. Silas Orne then circulated a subscription paper for the purpose of erecting a chapel. Mr. Marsal Smith gave a suitable lot, and Isaac Rich, Esq., of Boston, generously gave \$100 toward the building. Others gave according to their ability, and the chapel was built. This served as a place of worship until 1879, when the present commodious edifice on Townsend Ave. was erected during the pastorate of Rev. B. C. Wentworth, now

presiding elder of Portland District, Maine Conference, the chapel being remodeled into a dwelling-house. Previous to this time Boothbay Harbor had seemingly been connected with East Boothbay, but now became a separate charge. During the pastorate of Rev. J. F. Haley (1892 '95) a fine pipe organ was installed. The present pastor, Rev. J. H. Gray, is now on the fourth year of his pastorate, which in every respect has been very successful. The church has been painted and shingled, and a steel ceiling and walls, put on last year, make a beautiful interior. This is one of the churches that believes in meeting its obligations as due, and the pastor is paid to date.

The little chapel to which I referred as the place of the afternoon service had its origin during the pastorate of Rev. J. F. Haley, when a Sunday school was organized at West Harbor, and Capt. F. R. Rowe was elected superintendent, continuing in that capacity up to the present time. Captain Rowe is the genial master of the little steamer, "Winter Harbor," plying between Boothbay Harbor and the adjacent islands, and although a very busy man, renders efficient service as superintendent. The work here is very encouraging indeed. The chapel built last year, costing, with the land, something like \$1 100, is all paid for excepting about \$20. This is wholly due to the efforts of the Ladies' Aid Society, who assumed the responsibility for the entire undertaking. It is a neat and attractive building, eminently adapted to the purpose for which it was built. Four young ladies were received by Mr. Gray into full connection at the morning service.

F. H. MORGAN.

36 Bromfield St., Boston.

Comfort Bag Campaign

CAPT. MADISON EDWARDS, missionary to seamen at the Bethel at Vineyard Haven, has issued a modest circular letter in which he says: "During many years of work among seamen, I have proven the comfort bag to be a great help. Many times through this little gift men have been led to a better and nobler life. Will you assist us in getting one thousand bags for Christmas time? When making these bags please fill as you would for a son or brother who was leaving home. Especially place inside a full line of sewing materials—needles, pins, buttons, thread, also soap, comb, bandages, vaseline, etc." The request for "bandages" is sadly suggestive of the cuts, bruises and knocks that sailors almost inevitably receive in their arduous calling.

Pastors and school teachers can aid in this good work by calling the attention of girls and grown women to the need for comfort bags, which are not hard to prepare, and which carry a practical gospel to all their recipients. The bags should be made of some strong material. In many cases the boys can be interested to supply the articles for the bags which the girls make with their needles. Very important is it to put in each bag a Testament or Bible "portion," and a letter to the sailor, with address of the donor—as the latter always touches the heart of lonely and homeless Jack. Often the sailors very gratefully respond to these messages, writing from distant ports—it may be from the Mediterranean, the Straits Settlements, the Pei ho, or from Manila Bay. Now is the time to begin the comfort bag campaign.

Taking the State as a Client

IT is very creditable in Elihu Root that when he became Secretary of War he said that he had "taken the Department for his client." The same spirit of alert fidelity to public trust has characterized his attitude and service in the State Department. The successful statesman is the man who takes the public as his client. That is the fundamental and characteristic Rooseveltian postulate of good government—to demand that every office holder shall serve the public as faithfully and zealously as he would a private employer or a business corporation. It may require a certain amount of imagination to invest the dry details of public business with that interest or even charm that pertains to the conduct of one's own business in the way one likes, and with opportunities of gain which in some cases far outbid the amounts which the Government furnishes in remuneration to its employees. But the true citizen, as he has been defined and described from the days of Plato and Aristotle to the present, will to a greater or less degree lose himself in the State, and for him the phrase (frequently so glibly uttered), *pro bono publico*, will have no empty sound or trivial meaning. The need in America is for more of this self-taxing strife and strain of patriotism, which will freely spend and be spent for the public welfare, making the State its client, and regarding every fellow citizen as a brother and a friend.

Toleration in Japan

THAT the spirit of tolerance is making steady progress in Japan is evident from the fact, among others, that a "Religious Association" in that picturesque land has issued an appeal for a public subscription to restore the Christian churches and schools which were lately wrecked by a Japanese mob—though the buildings were mobbed probably because they were foreign, and not because they were Christian. Although the United States had a good claim against Japan for the value of the property destroyed, it seemed to the Buddhists of that variegated country, harboring a large assortment of cults, that it behooved the religious sects of the empire to make it clear that there was no anti-Christian significance in the regrettable riotous proceedings. Japanese Buddhists, Shintoists and Confucians, united in a "religious association," have accordingly made a public appeal for funds to repair the damaged buildings. Thus is presented the spectacle not merely of complete religious toleration, but also of effective religious unity. The religionists of Japan have taken the surest means of showing that they are not anti-Christians, and they have set an example to the Christian nations which it is desirable, and we hope not unlikely, that those nations follow. In a land where the spirit of tolerance abounds as it does in Japan, it should be easy, and regarded as a solemn duty, speedily and broadly to sow the seeds of the Gospel.

—Prof. Blau, a well known German authority on diseases of the ear, recently read a paper before a congress of anthropologists which met at Gorlitz, in which he stated that the ears of criminals and lunatics are abnormally large. This peculiarity is especially noticeable in the helix, or outer rim of the ear. Prof. Blau thinks that the larger the ear the lower the mentality, but that the hearing faculty is correspondingly keener.

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Circum-Baikal Railroad

LAKE BAIKAL, which is situated squarely across the route of the Siberian railroad, is the largest fresh-water lake in Asia, and is surpassed in size in the whole world only by Superior, Michigan, Huron and Victoria Nyanza, having an area of 12,500 square miles and being 400 miles long from northeast to southwest. When work was begun on the trans-Baikal section of the Siberian railroad it became evident that this gap must be closed. The old method of carrying goods and passengers on small steamers was entirely insufficient, and even the large ice-breaking steamers, "Baikal" and "Angara," could not do the work with entire satisfaction, owing to the extreme depth to which the lake freezes in winter. Capt. Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A., late *attaché* with the Russian Army in Manchuria, has contributed some interesting items of information, in a recent paper, regarding the difficulties attending the construction of the road around the southern extremity of the Baikal basin. From Angara to Kultuk the railroad has had to follow the outlines of a broken, rocky shore set with ridges from 300 feet to 1,300 feet above the sea level, sometimes cutting through the capes and cliffs by tunnels, and crossing ravines, mountain torrents, and bays on extensive bridges and viaducts. In order to protect the roadbed from the action of the surf, a minimum height of thirty feet above the lake level was adopted. The rock work has amounted to as much as 190,000 cubic yards per mile. Much of the rock cut into by the tunnels, though granite, has been so affected by volcanic and earthquake action as to be wholly unreliable, requiring to be lined with masonry. This western section, about 53 miles in length, has 38 tunnels of a total length of four miles. There are also 14 masonry galleries or artificial tunnels to protect the trains from falling rocks and landslides, and about 190 pieces of constructional work, one being a long bridge carrying the road across an arm of the lake. While the construction has been easier on the eastern section, where the mountains are further removed from the lake shore, there are, on the other hand, many tor-

rential streams which have to be crossed by bridges up to 500 feet in length. The length of this section is about 108 miles. The maximum gradient on the open line is 8 per thousand, and in tunnels $4\frac{1}{2}$ per thousand. All the tunnels are wide enough to allow double tracks, although but one track has so far been laid, and the gage is the ordinary Russian gage of sixty inches.

Domestic Exhibition in Berlin

THE Germans are renowned for their domestic economy, and it is still the chief praise of a German lady that her main cares and pleasures lie in the management of her home. Peculiar interest, therefore, was taken in the exhibition recently held in Berlin of "linen, washing and ironing" — a prosaic title which covered a multitude of articles and processes calculated to be useful to the housewives of Germany. One great hall was adorned with pyramids and triumphal archways formed of soap — for soap as well as the sword has its triumphs. The starch-makers were not behindhand in industry or originality, and their imposing exhibit was accompanied with lovely specimens of starching. "Washing day" in German households is the great event, not of the week, but of the month — the various families in a tenement using in turn for that strenuous form of exercise the large attic, which is fitted with tubs and other conveniences; and in the process of washing the starching, a complicated bit of enterprise for Germans, is an important part. At the exhibition referred to there was an impressive array of washing machines, wringing machines, and machines for starching, blueing, soaping and ironing. The ironing machines were very clever constructions, and performed their work perfectly. Bands of music enlivened the scene, and refreshments added zest to the otherwise rather prosaic entertainment.

Army in Brigade Posts

PLANS have been approved by President Roosevelt for the ultimate concentration of the U. S. Army, with the exception of the coast artillery service, in seven or eight brigade posts. This marks the first step in the execution of a far reaching policy which is designed to give to the officers of the regular Army experience in the manœuvring and control of large bodies of troops. If war were to be declared suddenly, most of the officers of the regular service would go to the front without having commanded more men than are in a company, a battalion, or at the most a regiment. This inexperience as commanding officers is a result of the perpetuation until now of the old segregation policy of

Indian warfare days, in accordance with which the military forces were distributed in small bodies along a long-drawn-out frontier line. Secretary of War Taft strongly favors a concentration policy, in view of the changed conditions which confront the Army today, and has tentatively settled on four brigade posts — Forts Riley, Sam Houston, D. A. Russell, and Leavenworth. Fort Riley is the finest military reservation now in possession of the Army, comprising nearly 20,000 acres well suited for military exercises. Fort D. A. Russell is situated on a high plateau 6,021 feet above sea level, three miles west of Cheyenne, Wyoming. Forts Leavenworth and Sam Houston, though favorably situated from a strategic point of view, in Kansas and Texas respectively, require enlargement in order to fit them for adequate service as brigade posts. Much of the opposition thus far noted to the carrying out of the new concentration policy has arisen from the fear that the abandonment of small posts will hurt local interests.

Recently Discovered Papyri

IN 1708 the greatest archaeologist of his time remarked: "I have never seen a papyrus." Today every great museum possesses more papyri than it can publish, and this superabundance of treasure is the result mainly of explorations carried on during the past twenty-five years. Papyri are divided into two classes — literary and non literary. Of the former, which include fragments of biblical and early Christian books, much has been written, but it is not generally known that the great majority of the papyri are non-literary in character, and consists of documents of everyday life — letters, accounts, receipts, certificates of birth and death, marriage contracts, deeds, school exercises, magical formulae, horoscopes, and the like. All these serve to bring the whole shifting scene of Greek and Roman civilization in Egypt vividly before our eyes. An important element of value in these papyri is found in the fact that they introduce us not to the court life, but to the life of the common people. Through them we enter the homes of the peasants, and can reconstruct their manners and customs. The papyri show us for one thing how burdensome was taxation in ancient times — as in Turkey today — and what a large part magic played in the life of the people. Still more interesting are the facts brought to light about schools and school children — for there are children's copies, showing rudely formed letters of the alphabet, exercises in grammar, and solutions of tasks set by teachers. For many reasons the ancient writings on papyrus are very important, and it is to be hoped that the work of recovery

will be hastened before the prophesied "rise of the damp level" has ruined documents of inestimable value.

Reactionary Lurch in Georgia

THE action of the Georgia primaries held last week, endorsing the candidacy of Hoke Smith, formerly Secretary of the Interior under Mr. Cleveland, makes it certain that Mr. Smith, if he lives, will be the next governor of Georgia, and negatives the aspirations to that office of Clark Howell, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Mr. Smith's candidacy was based, in the first place, upon opposition to the "railroad ring," which has exploited Georgia for its own selfish benefit, both by discriminations in traffic business and by meddling in State politics. But in addition to the opposition to corporation privilege a strong hostility to negro suffrage contributed to the endorsement of Hoke Smith, since he had declared in favor of amending the constitution so as to make it conform to the other Southern State constitutions that exclude the negroes from voting while admitting all white men to that privilege. The triumph of this burly and forcible representative of an extreme form of anti-negro suffrage doctrine is very regrettable, and must be regarded, as the *Boston Herald* points out, as "a reactionary lurch," similar to that which elected Vardaman governor of Mississippi and Jeff Davis of Arkansas to the U. S. Senate. The Republican Party has done none too much for the negro, but it has been left to the Democracy of the South to go to the limit in infamous treatment of him.

British Physicians in Toronto

THE British Medical Association held its 74th annual meeting last week in Toronto, some 2,000 delegates being present. Members of the United States Medical Association were classed as visitors to the British Association, and many availed themselves of that privilege. A formal welcome from the city of Toronto was extended to the delegates on Aug. 21. Dr. Donald McAllister, president of the British Medical Council, advocated a reciprocal registration between the Dominion and Great Britain and the Provinces. Dr. W. S. A. Griffith made an earnest plea for a better monetary provision for the support of the great hospitals which do so much to alleviate the physical woes of humanity. An important topic treated was that discussed jointly by the medicine and physiological sections on over-nutrition and under-nutrition. Dr. Barbi, an Indian, spoke strongly against the eating of meat, declaring that his people for thousands of years have not eaten meat, and yet today are as strong physically and mentally as any other race — a statement which some would be willing to dispute. Sir Victor Horsley, of London, delivered an address, which attracted much attention, on "Brain Surgery," or operations on the central nervous system, such operations being divided into the two classes, palliative and curative. Another notable address was that made by Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, in which he argued that inebriety is

clearly a form of insanity, since it describes a condition which calls for alcohol for its anæsthetic, and in reality means a disease or disorder of the brain of which the use of alcohol is a symptom.

Secretary Root's Successful Tour

ALL accounts agree that Secretary Root is succeeding very well in attaining the purposes which he set out to achieve in making his South American tour. The keynote of the very welcome messages which he is delivering at the ports in South America, which may be considered strategic from a diplomatic standpoint, is the statement that this country had never employed, and never would employ, its army and navy for the collection of debts contracted by governments or by private individuals. Personally, Secretary Root believes that such debt-collection measures are based on sordid objects, and lend themselves to speculation. He is himself an earnest advocate of arbitration and mediation, and of all other influences that make for peace. All his work in life hitherto has been the settling of conflicts between warring factions or individuals through appeals to reason. With the sure instinct of a diplomatic strategist, Mr. Root hit upon the Rio Conference as a favorable forum for the expression and discussion of the pacific intentions and relations of the United States with its Southern neighbors. Refraining from treating those Southern peoples with an offensive condescension, Secretary Root has yet not been weak in his representations, but, while declaring that no American warship would appear off Southern ports with threats of bombardment unless debts were paid, he has appealed to the self-respect of the Southern Republics by reminding them that the nations who accept the unwritten law of the Monroe Doctrine against foreign aggression are under obligations to carry out to the fullest extent the demands imposed by national honor.

Hague Palace of Peace

TWO hundred and seventeen architects from almost every country in the world were asked to enter the competition to supply plans for the new Palace of Peace at The Hague, for which Andrew Carnegie has promised to furnish the funds, and over 3,000 designs were sent in. The first prize was awarded to M. Cordonnier, of Lille, France, who has blended the styles of some of the ancient public buildings of the Low Countries with the castellated structures of Northern France. The main building is flanked by high towers, two of which rise from the ends of each facade, which will be adorned with many emblematical figures and designs. The main room of the building will bear the name of the "Hall of Arbitration." The entire Palace will rest on an ornamental terrace, approached by broad flights of steps. The ground is the gift of the Government of Holland. The Dutch Government experienced much trouble in finding a proper site, but at last a favorable position was found on the "Benoordenhoutse Weg." The land for the Palace grounds comprises about sixteen

acres. M. Cordonnier, who is fifty-two years of age, designed the Pasteur statue at Paris and the City Hall at Dunkirk, and received the first prize for the Stock Exchange at Amsterdam. It is not known when the Palace of Peace will be completed, but it is expected that the foundation work will begin in a short time.

Land for the Peasants

THE feature of the political situation in Russia this past week has been the decision of the Czar to distribute among the peasants some 20,000,000 acres of crown lands and appendages, only the lands and forests belonging to the State which are considered necessary for the future agricultural prosperity of the country being reserved. The transaction will be financed through the peasants' bank. Little cash will be required, the landlords and other sellers being given marketable land script, eventually redeemable by the peasant purchasers in instalment notes designed to meet the interest and amortization. The Czar, like other thrifty landlords, is to accept script rather than make a free gift of the lands. Nearly all the restrictions now imposed upon the peasants as a class will be removed.

Mutiny, theft, and murder still go on all over Russia. The cabinet has decided that there must be no relaxation of the policy of stern repression — repressive measures being tried against the army as well as the people. All the ministers have been instructed to prepare, by Sept. 14, projects of necessary legislation to be presented to the Douma. The Octoberists have issued an appeal calling on the electors to maintain order and save the fatherland from the foreign intervention which they say is threatened unless disorders cease. A desperate attempt was made last Saturday by four revolutionists to kill M. Stolypin in his villa on Aptekarsky Island. M. Stolypin escaped, but the house was nearly destroyed, and some fifty persons were killed or wounded by the bomb which was thrown. This dastardly deed, followed by the murder of General Min by a girl terrorist — crazy acts which are attributed to the Matimists, who are trying to set up a purely socialistic state upon the ruins of the autocracy — has created intense indignation among all decent people in Russia.

Cuban Revolt Weakening

LATEST information from Cuba encourages the hope that the force of the insurgents' uprising is broken. President Palma has offered amnesty to all who lay down their arms and return to loyalty to the Government. This offer is accepted by all revolutionary leaders of note except Pino Guerra, of Pina del Rio. He has an army of 2,000 men, and is well equipped with ammunition and supplied with food. President Palma, however, is so confident of the strength of the republic, and the loyalty of the best people of Cuba to it, that he has ordered that no further enlistment of troops be made. Apparently authorized statements are made to the effect that President Roosevelt will not interfere, but that the Cuban Government will be left to stand or fall on its own merits.

Most Distinguished Private Citizen in America

THE above is the characterization of William Jennings Bryan in the resolutions passed at the gubernatorial convention held last week in Ohio. The magnificent reception accorded to him this week in New York, on his return from his trip around the world, is a deserved tribute. Even his political rivals and critics admit that Mr. Bryan is just now the man most prominent in the world's eye.

London papers generously concede it. He has been bitterly censured in times past — and nearly everybody lost their heads during the campaign in which he took not a wholly dignified part — but as the mists of battle have been burned away by the sun of prosperity, William J. Bryan has come to be recognized as a man of dauntless courage, perfect sincerity, ample powers of observation, political acumen, tireless energy, and, above all and through all, noble Christian character. Doubtless Mr. Bryan himself has become somewhat more conservative, which is to say cautious, with the lapse of time. If he has not learned some lessons since the memorable campaign in which he took part, he is unlike any other man who has survived it. His position on public questions may be described as that of a chastened radicalism. This is not the place to discuss the rightness or wrongness of

many of his cherished opinions — we are not presenting him as a political candidate for any office, great or small, but as the dominating American citizen; it is enough now to call attention to the fact that the norm of right or wrong is a determining issue with Mr. Bryan, and that his conclusions on any question, even if sometimes mistaken, are conscientious convictions, which are to be described as principles rather than prejudices.

We always admire an honest and fearless man, who believes in something, even if sometimes he believes too much, and who is ready to dare all sorts of physical and political risks in support of his matured opinions. We have altogether too much in America of the trimmer and the time-server. There are

plenty of politicians of the conventional type — who make and are made by conventions, dancing to the vibrations of wires which they have placed in position for their own benefit, or that are pulled persistently by others. Mr. Bryan is a man who makes the masses follow him, and there is no evidence that he would prove a false shepherd of the sheep, or lead his followers over the precipice.



From stereograph copyright, 1906, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

In his private room at Hotel Cecil, London, England

Mr. Bryan is much to be commended for having for years past, and not the less during his recent tour around the world, stood for Christianity and the church, making repeated and strong addresses in favor not only of the Christian faith, but also of institutionalized Christianity. His address on the "Prince of Peace" is a masterly presentation of Jesus Christ, as the world's unique and divine Saviour. He has performed a distinct service to the cause of true religion in having when in foreign lands refused to use Sunday as a holiday. Mr. Bryan has also been doing good service as a Christian apologist by writing a book entitled, "Letters to a Chinese Official," which is a crushing rejoinder to the subtle attack made upon Christianity by an English writer who some time ago essayed to write "Letters

from a Chinese Official." In the seven chapters comprising the book Mr. Bryan deals with the disingenuous overrating of Chinese civilization and the underrating of our own, the folly of the Chinese policy of isolation, the merits of labor saving machinery, American government and Western homes, the right of the Western nations to regard themselves as having a "mission" in the world, and finally "Christianity versus Confucianism." In the last chapter of this book Mr. Bryan draws a parallel between Confucius, who

dealt with rules and formulas, and Christ, who dealt with substance and unchanging truth, and who purifies the heart out of which are the issues of life.

"Confucius sought to show kings how they could become popular with their ministers and subjects, and individuals how they might become 'superior men'; Christ made service the measure of greatness, and established a standard which can be defended with profit by prince and peasant alike. For the noisy scramble for gain and selfish advantage He substituted a peaceful rivalry in doing good, estimating life, not by its accumulations, but by its contribution to the sum of human happiness." This is a discerning piece of criticism in the field of comparative religion, and contains elements of truth which might well be pondered by the masses both in China and America.

William Jennings Bryan is both a publicist and a prophet, and, whether the multi-

tudes follow him in all his views or not, may well be regarded with pride as a very eminent illustration of the distinction to which a private citizen who covets earnestly the best gifts may attain.

— Mr. Bryan has attained a position never before reached in his career, that of a man whom not only a vast majority of his fellow Democrats admire and trust, but whom the masses of his fellow countrymen, without reference to party, delight to honor. That is, indeed, a very high position, hard to gain and harder still to keep. General Grant held it for awhile, but temporarily lost it after he countenanced the attempt to give him a third term. Henry Clay and James G. Blaine came near it, so far as their own political parties were concerned, but Democrats always looked at them askance. Hitherto the nearest approach to it has been made by William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, who, successively, have captivated not a few of their political opponents. — *Harper's Weekly*.

Luther Burbank --- The Man and His Work

YEARS ago we became interested in the work of Luther Burbank. He was then working in comparative obscurity, in his California nurseries, a quiet man, with the loyalty, singleness of purpose, and tireless devotion of the true scientist. His object was the evolution of new forms of plant life, which should be most useful to man and ministrant to his

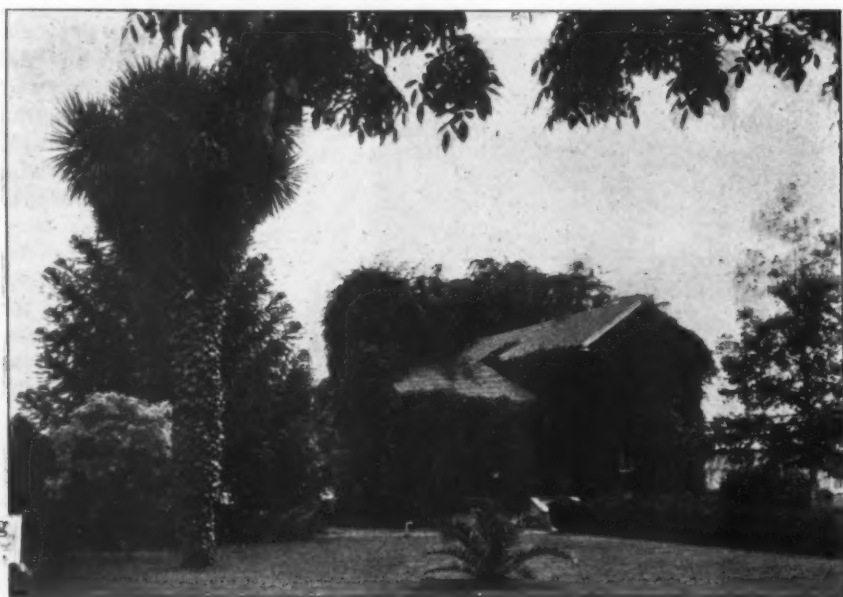
discoveries, as being capable of such a wide application to anthropology, sociology, the study of evolution, and other vast and vital branches of knowledge, that we could not help looking forward with grateful enthusiasm and sympathy to the expanding life-work of this remarkable man.

And now the time has come when

Burbank, of Santa Rosa, California. His prolonged investigations and patient labors for mankind are at last bringing him richly deserved rewards. The public prints are vying with one another in giving the fullest and most interesting accounts of the world's greatest plant-breeder and his work. And, what is of still more significance, men of science and brains are taking up his wonderful experiments and discoveries in plant culture, and studying them in the light of their relation to broader biological and anthropological sciences. They are asking: "If nature's forms are so plastic in the domain of plant-life — like 'clay in the hands of the potter,' as Mr. Burbank says — why may they not prove to be equally plastic in other and higher domains?" This question falls like a flash-light across the thought of the day, and bids fair to lead to one of the most revealing discussions that modern science and philosophy have known.

But leaving for the present such questions, it is our purpose at this time to answer more in detail our readers' inquiry: "Who is Luther Burbank, and what is he doing?"

Luther Burbank — popularly but unfilily called "the wizard of horticulture" — is a New Englander of the New Englanders, born in Worcester County, this State, in 1849, but removing in early manhood to California, because of the unequalled climate of that State for open-air gardening all the year round. His was an inventive spirit from the start, and even as a boy he devised an improvement in plow making machinery that enabled manufacturers to greatly reduce the cost of this product. But his tastes



LUTHER BURBANK'S RESIDENCE AT SANTA ROSA, CAL.

love of beauty. He made no display, did no self advertising or self-heralding of any sort, shut himself up as it were with his chosen task, and gave himself to the thing he felt called upon to do for mankind with as utter consecration and self obliteration as any man who ever lived. We were attracted by his rare spirit as well as by the marvelous results of his work — results that were only gradually coming to public recognition as something new under the sun, something representative of fresh scientific thought, something significant and in a sense epoch-making. The world was just beginning to realize that a new field had been opened — a wide and marvelously fruitful field — for

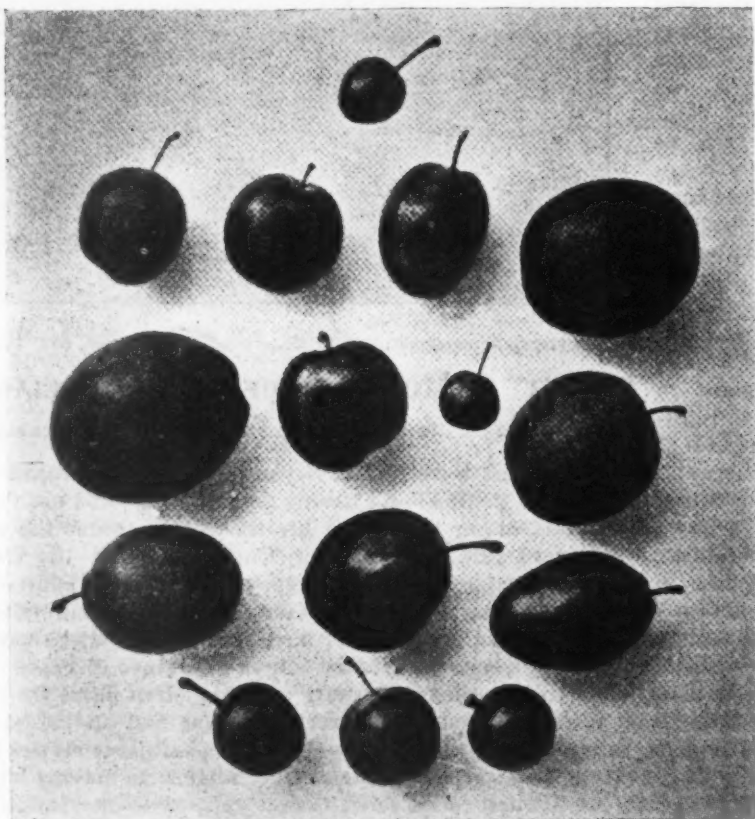
Luther Burbank has emerged out of the twilight of the world's only partial appreciation and understanding — a twilight prolonged by his own modesty and quiet manner of working — and stands in the



THALLUS AND FRUIT OF SPINELESS CACTUS

investigation, and that this quiet American citizen out in California was a scientific pioneer of the highest order.

We rejoiced at that time in the first evidences of the world's discovery of Luther Burbank, because we believed in his work, believed that it was fundamental, and that it sustained wide and fruitful relations with many branches of knowledge and investigation. These laws of nature which Luther Burbank seemed to be rediscovering for us, and applying in such a way as to make them appear almost like new and unknown laws, impressed us, through



ORIGINAL WILD STONELESS PLUM AT TOP, AND FOURTEEN OF ITS SEEDLINGS WHEN CROSSED WITH THE FRENCH PRUNE

full blaze of a world-wide fame. Probably there is no name more to the front in America, today, than that of Luther

lay in the direction of the outdoor life, and he early turned from the factory to the field. Before leaving New Eng

land he produced the potato which bears his name — the famous "Burbank potato" — which admittedly stands at the head of its class, and is said to have added more than twenty million dollars to the wealth of the United States. The young horticulturist sold this potato for barely enough to pay his expenses to California, and there he set up in a small way as a nurseryman and gardener.

lady of ninety. Luther Burbank himself is now about sixty years of age, and unmarried. His portrait, which we present on the cover of this issue, shows him to have a rarely sweet and refined face, full of character, intelligence, and spiritual beauty — the kind of face one would notice in a crowd, feel drawn to, and never forget.

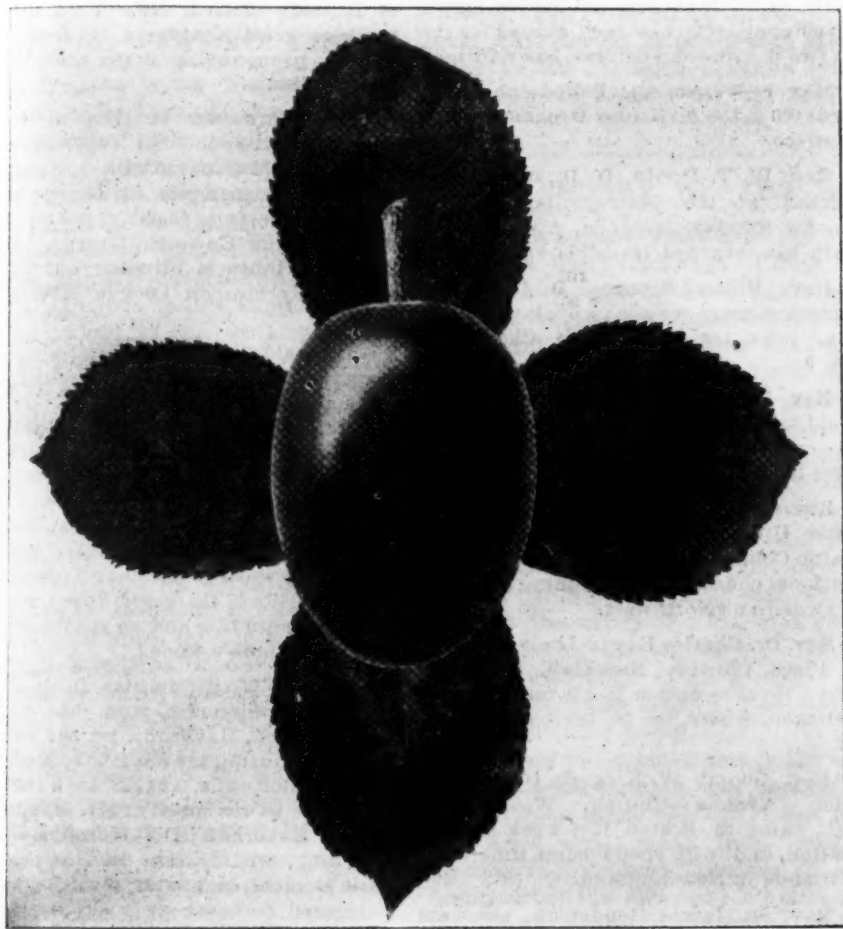
Speaking of Luther Burbank's home,

tion of new forms of plant-life? He has been persistently educating the bad qualities out of plants, and improving the good qualities. He has produced an edible cactus, shorn of its spines, and covered with a skin so soft and velvety that it can be rubbed with pleasure against the cheek. The cactus, thus deprived of its formidable protective armor, becomes one of the most useful and nutritious of forage plants, which may be eaten with impunity by all kinds of stock. When we consider what this means for the reclamation and development of the Great American Desert, where the cactus grows so luxuriantly, we are tempted to affirm that this achievement alone would be enough to admit Luther Burbank to our much-lauded "Hall of Fame."

Then there is the splendid stoneless plum "Miracle," which Mr. Burbank has evolved from the thorny, scraggly *prunus sans noyau* and the French prune. Professor Wickson says of this remarkable hybridization: "This achievement was attained by using a European species which had never been of horticultural value until Burbank conceived the idea that he could make use of one habit of the plant, which was to put a naked kernel in its scant, acrid flesh. By securing a large number of crosses of this species with the French prune, and by tireless selection afterward, a group of stoneless fruits has been secured, in one of which (Miracle), at least, a plump white kernel lies naked in abundant, yellowish, sweet and juicy flesh." The naked kernel is of a delicious almond flavor, and gives the fruit the effect of a prune naturally stuffed. It took ten years to get the first results in this process of educating the stone out of the plum, but what a valuable achievement in fruit culture it represents!

Mr. Burbank has evolved the white blackberry — a delicious anomaly. He has united plum and apricot in the "plumcot," a new fruit combining the best qualities of both. He has taken the walnut, given it a shell as thin as paper, eliminated the tannin from its meat, and made the latter snow-white. The common ox-eye daisy he has taught how to expand into a magnificent flower five inches across, and has named it the "Shasta daisy." He has joined the raspberry and blackberry in the "primus," a luscious fruit better than either. He has married the potato to the tomato, and gets as the result the "pomato," a wholesome and agreeable new vegetable for the American table. To one variety of plum he has added the flavor of the banana, and to another he has given the flavor of a Bartlett pear. "There seems to be hardly a plant," says a visitor to his farm, "which he has not had for a time in his school, and given the benefit of his liberal education to some extent." And still the list of his new creations in plant-life goes on increasing. His work has only got fairly under way.

Luther Burbank is a man of the future. The possibilities opening before him exceed even the most fertile imagination. What he will have accomplished in the possible twenty or thirty years of investigation and experiment that still remain, no man can say — what results on the

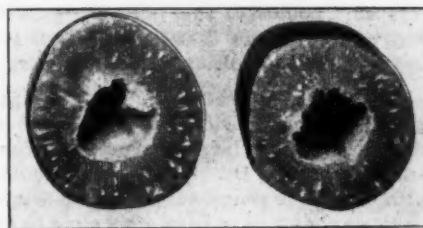


FRUIT AND FOLIAGE OF THE MIRACLE PLUM

This was in 1875, when the great achievements and triumphs of his life were still before him.

Burbank settled in the beautiful little city of Santa Rosa, about fifty miles north of San Francisco. Here he bought four acres of wild land, and began his work, as one biographer says, with "little more than youth, talent, courage, and a few potatoes, to capitalize his new enterprises." His first object, of course, was to get upon his feet financially, and this he accomplished in a remarkably short time; but all the while he had in mind his cherished ideal of creative horticulture, and as soon as he felt that he was safe in doing so, he sold out his nursery business and started the Sebastopol Experimental Farm, at Sebastopol, a few miles from Santa Rosa, where his more extensive experiments and larger cultures have ever since been carried on. He retained, however, his home and smaller farm at Santa Rosa, where he conducts his finer and more advanced experiments. There he lives in a pretty, vine-covered cottage, approached by box-bordered paths, which, as his friend and fellow-scientist, Dr. DeVries, says, "remind us of old fashioned New England gardening." With him lives his beloved and revered mother, an old

Dr. DeVries says: "Contiguous to the house are some greenhouses and sheds and the other necessary buildings for the work of the farm. But there are no elaborate appliances for research, because the instruments for his work are of the most simple construction. His hands and his eyes and his brains are his instruments, and he hardly needs any other, except the most ordinary garden tools. We saw the wooden boxes for the sowing and the replanting of the small seedlings, the sieves for purifying the seeds, and



SECTION OF MIRACLE PLUM

some other contrivances which interested us."

Now what have been some of the notable results, so far, of Luther Burbank's work, beginning from the time when he definitely set himself to see what human hands and brains could do in the evolu-

practical side, and still more what in the way of disclosing the great laws and methods of Divine working that underlie the mystery of life.

In a future issue we shall attempt to point out some of the larger relations of Luther Burbank's work, its racial significance, and some of the spiritual truths which it inculcates by analogy.

Reducing Price of Papers a Failure

DURING the nearly twenty years of the present management of the HERALD, at the annual meetings of the Wesleyan Association and the sessions of our patronizing Conferences, good men and true, actively interested in this paper, have pleaded for a reduction in the price. They have been confident that the subscription list could be substantially increased if the price were less. This demand has been resisted because, though it was honest, the management has been convinced that it was mistaken. It was contended, also, by the editor, that a cheap priced paper meant inevitably a cheapened product. It was recognized, too, that with general increased intelligence and the improvement demanded in religious journalism and conspicuously evident in the leading Christian weeklies, it would be suicidal to be obliged to produce a paper of lessened ability and merit.

The position which the management of the HERALD was constrained by conviction to take has been vindicated by the experience of the three leading *Advocates* of the Middle West—the *Western*, *Northwestern*, and *Central*. It was found that a reduction in price did not result in any substantial addition to the subscription lists. So unsatisfactory and calamitous has the experiment proved that decision is made to restore the former price of these *Advocates*. The announcement of last week in the issue of each is as follows. The truth is told, but not precisely the whole truth. That appears in what we have already stated. The publishers say:

"After very careful consideration by the Book Committee with the Publishing Agents, in view of the fact that each of the *Advocates* has been losing money for the past few years, it has been decided to restore the subscription price of the *Western*, *Northwestern*, and *Central Christian Advocates*, beginning Jan. 1, 1907. The cost of producing the *Advocates* has increased very materially in the past two years, so that it has been found necessary to restore the subscription price or reduce the quality and size of the papers, and we are sure that the wiser plan is to keep quality and size equal to the present standard."

Now, as one fact is worth a thousand theories, and as those we herewith present are overwhelmingly conclusive, will not our good friends who have so zealously seen to it that we should not lose sight of their theories, please square them now to demonstrated facts?

Human nature as it exists today is but ore, to be worked up by a superior power for higher uses. A bit of rock taken out of the ground is not lovely, and of itself makes no appeal to the senses. It is not esthetic, or in itself useful; it is still of the earth, earthy. But when that piece of rock is smelted up in the furnace, and yields its precious content of silver or gold, its value appears in the results which it brings. Its promise is in its product. So the hope of human nature lies in that which the supernatural of a divine influence can bring out of it. A Comte may wantonly boast of the prowess of humanity, but a Christian

knows that the only promise for human kind re-ides in the transforming and sanctifying power of a Saviour's grace.

PERSONALS

— Dr. James Mudge returned last week from a month's vacation in the Provinces, of which we have asked him to tell our readers.

— Dr. H. C. Jennings, publishing agent, of Cincinnati, who has been abroad for the past two months on business, has returned.

— Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia has sent \$1,000 to the McKinley Orphanage, San Francisco.

— Rev. W. T. Perrin, D. D., of Melrose, preached at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, Sunday forenoon, Aug. 19. Dr. Perrin has returned from his vacation.

— Rev. Dillon Bronson, D. D., whose interesting letter we are publishing in this issue, sails for home from Cherbourg, Sept. 9.

— Rev. Dr. J. F. Chaffee, the veteran of the old Minnesota Conference, who is in his 79th year, is still hale and hearty, and enjoying his life at Pasadena, Cal.

— Rev. Charles W. Gordon, better known in the United States by his pen name, "Ralph Connor," has established three institutional churches in the mining camps of the Canadian Northwest.

— Rev. Dr. Charles Edwin Locke, of Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn, has been given a royal reception in his former State of Oregon, where he is taking his vacation.

— Rev. George W. King, D. D., of Dumbarton Avenue Church, Washington, D. C., came to Boston last week on his vacation, and will spend some time with old friends in New England.

— Rev. Dr. James Henderson, associate missionary secretary of the Canadian Wesleyan Church, has resigned to re enter the pastorate. Dr. Henderson is considered one of the ablest and most inspiring preachers in Canada.

— The purpose of paying off the indebtedness of the Douglass home at Anacostia, D. C., so that it may be made a lasting memorial to Frederick Douglass, has been assumed by Booker T. Washington, in addition to his Tuskegee burden.

— Rev. F. P. Parkin, D. D., of Chester, Pa., so kindly remembered for his excellent work in the New England Southern Conference, and who spends his summers at Cottage City, called at this office last week.

— Rev. Dr. David H. Ela, of Hudson, so greatly revered and loved, in sending two very fine poems to this office for publication, notes the fact that he "first set type on the HERALD in June, 1845."

— In a communication just received, the writer says: "Boston University has secured a rare spirit, large-hearted and strong-brained man, in Dr. Knudson. I roomed with him three years, summer and winter, in Boston, and have been very close to him in recent years, and know him thoroughly."

— Bishop Warren is sending this postal card to the presiding elders in his Fall Conferences: "On the 18th of March a regularly appointed minister went to his charge determined, as he told me, to preach Sundays and work week days for the sole purpose of edifying saints and getting sinners converted. As a result, 280 persons

have joined the church by letter or on probation in fifteen weeks — no single service being without increase of both classes. The real Gospel is the same old power of God."

— Miss Todd and Miss Marriott, returning missionaries of the W. F. M. S., expect to sail from Seattle, Sept. 8, on the "Shawmut," for their important field of work — Deh-hua, China.

— This office was favored on Monday with a call from Rev. George A. Simons, of Bayside Church, New York city. He has been greatly enjoying his first visit to Boston, pronouncing it the most interesting of cities.

— Rev. Christian F. Reiser, D. D., a graduate of the School of Theology, Boston University, is meeting with splendid success in his pastorate at Grace Church, Denver. He is especially useful in the work of the Epworth League, and the Western House is bringing out a volume written by him on League methods and work.

— It is said that Justice Brewer's joke on Secretary Taft has been translated into the German and other languages. To fully enjoy it, it must be remembered that Secretary Taft is a man of colossal proportions physically. This is Justice Brewer's statement (who prophesies that Taft will be the next candidate of the Republican Party for President of the United States): "Secretary Taft is the most polite man I ever saw in my life. Why, the other day I was in a street car with him and he got up and gave his seat to three women!"

— Rev. R. W. Humphries, D. D., of Philadelphia Conference, who has supplied Grace Church, Haverhill, for the Sabbaths of August during the absence of Rev. H. D. Deetz, pastor, sails, Aug. 28, for a trip to the Provinces as the guest of Mr. Martin Taylor, of Haverhill. Dr. Humphries, after returning, will remain in New England until October, and later than Sept. 9 will be pleased to serve as a supply if so desired by any church. His address will be 66 White St., Haverhill, Mass.

— On Monday, Aug. 20, in the observance of Old Home Week at Rindge, N. H., the address on "The Christian Ministry and the Community" was delivered by Hon. Alfred S. Roe, of Worcester. It was printed in full in the *Fitchburg Sentinel* of that date. The pastor of the Congregational church in Rindge is Rev. Granville Yager, a graduate of Wesleyan, 1866; so this is the 40th anniversary of his graduation, also of his marriage — facts which entered somewhat into the address of Mr. Roe, who is also of Wesleyan (class of '70), and a fellow fraternity man with the clergyman.

— The sudden death of Mrs. C. M. Alvord, of Northampton, while visiting friends in Ohio, removes a valuable and consistent member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. She was 83 years old, and on the Sabbath, Aug. 19, was at church and retired in good spirits and apparently good health, but was seized Monday early, and within two hours was at rest. Her late husband, Rev. C. M. Alvord, was for some years a teacher at East Greenwich Academy and later at Williston Seminary, Easthampton. She was buried by the side of her husband and three children who died young. She was a faithful and earnest worker, and was president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, being deeply interested in mission service.

— Rev. Dr. Luther Freeman, of Chattanooga, Tenn., preached in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Burlington, Vt., Aug. 19, and in the evening gave a lecture—

sermon on "Jean Valjean" — a study of his way in saving the lost.

— D. C. Remick, of Littleton, N. H., writes to the *New York Herald* to say that Jethro Bass — the "political boss" in Winston Churchill's "Coniston" — lived and ruled and died in New Hampshire in the period depicted in the novel. His real name, Mr. Remick says, was Ruel Durkee, and he was the greatest boss the State has

Continued on page 1120

EFFECTUAL FERVENT PRAYER

THE inspired writer James tells us that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." The words, "effectual fervent" in that passage represent a single participle in the Greek, which is commonly rendered in other passages of Scripture "working." The meaning of James may accordingly be: "A righteous man's supplication is of great might in its working." The participle translated "effectual fervent," moreover, has the same root as the English word "energetic," and it is certainly true that a prayer to prevail must be full of energy. It is a fact that in later church history a term, "Energumen," was used, employed as a synonym for the demons of the New Testament, who were worked upon by evil spirits. It has been thought, therefore, by some that a similar significance, on the side of good, not of evil, is to be ascribed to this passage quoted from James, making it mean that a blessing follows the prayer which is not just a sentimental utterance of human feeling, but in which the Spirit of God joins, who makes intercession for the saints, and enters dynamically into all their experiences that are consonant with the will and purposes of God. In any case, whatever interpretation be taken, the passage contains a rich implication of blessing to those who pray as they ought to pray, with absolute reliance on the Divine promises, complete consecration of spirit, and full fervor of devotion and enthusiastic energy.

SHEW-BREAD AND SHEWN-HEARTS

BARNABAS, who has the distinction of being described in Holy Writ as "a good man" — good because he was "full of the Holy Ghost" — came to Antioch, and after observation of the local work of grace, exhorted all the believers at that point that with "purpose of heart" they should cleave unto the Lord. Barnabas, it is added, was a man "of faith," and so it naturally followed that "much people was added unto the Lord." That term "purpose" is very suggestive, since it translates a word in the Greek that is used of the bread in the temple which was to be "shewn," or "set forth." So the purposing heart is here literally the heart that is set forth before the Lord — that is, placed forth for consecration and service. Such a proposed or propounded heart inevitably acquires moral initiative and indefeatable purpose.

Antioch early gained fame as a home and habitat of "Christians" because it had in it people of this heart-offering type. Consecration supplied courage,

and spiritual abandon immediately gave account of itself in ethical activity. The hearts thus purposed and propounded were, to use the Old Testament phrase of Jehoshaphat, "lifted up in the ways of the Lord." The soul that unreservedly "sets forth" its devotion before the Lord is a power for good, a benefactor of its generation, in any land or age. The ancient temple figure of the shew-bread needs reproduction metaphorically in the shewn-hearts of believers in every century. God can do as much with men of today as He did with disciples of the early church period — if they will let Him.

EATING HONEY BY THE WAY

AS the zealous Jonathans run along the dusty highways of duty they hardly have time to salute any man by the way, for the King's business requireth haste; but there is one thing that is always within their power without interfering with their performance — and that is, to eat honey by the way. There are, to be sure, plenty of acid and acrid things in life; the bitter mingles with the sweet. But the honey is there, too, and the better plan is to ignore the sour and bitter and to magnify the sweet and pure and lovely. Happy is the man who, walking through the valley of Baca, maketh it a well, and who, passing through the tangled wildwood or rough *wadys* of the wood of Ephraim, finds and eats of the eye-enlightening honey.

There are no circumstances in life when the prayerful, humble soul cannot find some honey, some comfort, some hope. The Lord even made those nomadic gipsies, the ancient Israelites, to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock. Even the stony experiences of life will yield a blessing when touched with the rod of faith. The narrow-minded, self-absorbed, prayerless soul will miss the honey by the wood in Ephraim, but the man whose eyes God hath opened will not fail to mark where the comb of bursting blessing hangs within reach of his extended rod. This honey is found "by the way," just along the path of prosaic duty, close to the hungry runners. What is needed is the vision to see it, the will to stretch forth the hand or rod to appropriate it, and the grace to say "Thank you!" for the benefit when received from the Divine Provider. Regale your soul, O believer, on the rich spiritual provisions which God offers you, who will set a table before you in the presence of your enemies — or, at least, hang a honeycomb by the wayside where you may pierce it with your spear as you run!

"Not an End in Itself"

THE *Methodist Times*, which has published full reports of the recent Wesleyan Conference in Nottingham, adds "A Characterization of Conference," by "A Very Impartial Spectator," who boldly says: "We are so perfectly organized that when in Conference, as Emerson says, 'We sit and muse and are serene and complete.' It is Methodism, Methodism, Methodism, all the time! I am an enthusiastic Methodist, but Methodism is not an end in itself; neither are Methodism and the kingdom always synonymous. One often

longs for the note of the universal Christ. Especially did we feel, many of us, what a pity it is that through all the Conference there is no illuminating utterance on a great Christian topic." The "Spectator" thinks that the president might prepare, with a year's notice, an illuminating and inspiring utterance on some great theme of general Christian interest, though that may come only when the "Committee on Devolution" has devised a scheme for relieving Conference of most of its detail business. Then, he hopes, a Wesleyan Conference will cease to be "a bewildered, impatient, noisy assembly, rushing through details of connexional management, and will become a statesmanlike church council, taking wide views and deliberating on the great policies of the kingdom of God." Of numbers of other deliberative bodies, both religious and secular, it is true that they are the victims of their own organization, and are caught in the mesh of their fine methods. Organization is not an end, but a means; a constitution is a tool, not a fetter; and method is for men, not men for method.

Literary Treatment of India

THE problem of India has been looked at from many standpoints, and treated by many different types of statesmen. It has been left for Mr. John Morley, in his recent speech on India delivered in the House of Commons to a sparse audience from which the Opposition leaders were conspicuously absent, to give it a literary turn. Mr. Morley is by conviction a reformer of the Cobden and Mille type, and is sincerely attached to Liberal sentiments. It must be confessed, however, that he is only a mild reformer, and that if he had more religious conviction he would be far more of a power in the great office he now adorns. The burden of prophecy is never given to John Morley, but only the beauty of esthetic expression in view of palpable facts of social and moral development. His diction is more Gladstonian than is his spirit. While Mr. Morley in his speech adduced many interesting facts, the chief charm of it lay in its deft literary treatment of what is really a seductive and illusive subject. India! — that theme is enough almost to make a Cockney poetic. Mr. Morley is no Cockney, but is a man of broad views and accumulated culture. Many of his phrases were most happy — as when he disclaimed having ever himself been guilty of "oratorical rapacity," alluded to "sun-dried bureaucrats," and discussed the "vexed and turbid question" of army reorganization in India.

Mr. Morley aims at real oratory and polished diction. The former aim he attains at spasmodic intervals, but his well-rounded periods always have a distinct literary flavor. Phrases trip from his tongue that would adorn any modern book. It has been acutely observed of Mr. Morley that when he speaks he "conveys to his hearers the impression that he is exhibiting much cleverness against his own will. Modesty seems to be struggling with an intellectuality that refuses to be curbed." His speech on India was tinged with optimism, and, while it announced no startlingly new principles of government, reassures those who would hope better things of that great empire, even those that accompany its material and moral salvation. It is certainly to be hoped that this recent literary lecture on India, delivered on the Liberal foundation in the House of Commons, will have the effect of stirring up a greater and more practical public interest in that dreamy land, both in England and in America.

A Famous New Englander

REV. W. P. STANLEY.

THE rugged soil of New England has produced more than her quota of the orators, scholars, statesmen, and money-kings of our land. She may well be proud of the long list of famous names which grace the pages of our national history. It is not always considered safe and in good taste to write eulogizing a man yet alive; but the subject of this article has already such a world-wide reputation that words of appreciation and commendation will not be entirely new, and will only enforce, if possible, the worth of a really great man to humanity.

In 1875 Mr. Luther Burbank, of Lunenburg, Mass., exchanged the limited and unpropitious conditions of New England soil and climate for the balmy air and unlimited resources of the land by the far-away Pacific. Born and reared on a New England farm, with little opportunity for schooling and limited access to books, and forced to struggle at every step with poverty and adverse conditions, he has risen by sheer force of his genius upon the ladder of success until today, at the age of fifty-seven, he has won a fame, based upon splendid achievement, which makes his name a household word not merely in his own State and nation, but also in the lands beyond the sea.

One could hardly have dreamed at the time he left New England that so much could be accomplished in the evolution of plant life in one life-time; but still he abides, and, we trust, may be spared for many years to carry on the work so grandly begun.

People are amazed when they behold what he has done, and it is not to be wondered at that he has earned the titles of genius, wonder-worker, and wizard. Had he lived in the days of witchcraft in his native New England, and accomplished what he has brought to light in the last few years upon this coast, it is doubtful if he would have escaped serious trouble. It is enough to suggest magic, to say the least, to remove the thorns from the blackberry and the cactus, to produce plums without a stone, to grow white blackberries, to change the color of flowers to any hue desired; and yet these are what the writer saw when he visited his experimental grounds recently, which are located only about one mile from our Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. Burbank now owns eighteen acres in this town, having purchased a few acres a few months since, upon which he is conducting his wonderful experiments, beside a small place of an acre or two in Santa Rosa. It is estimated that six thousand or more visitors from all parts of the world, many of them scientists and men of note, have visited his experimental grounds during the past year. Mr. Burbank has not achieved the success that has come to him without hard, painstaking work. As one beholds what he has done, and is doing, he is well aware that the new creations that are so rapidly being brought out, are not the work of a moment, but of years of patient, persistent toil, involving the study and manipulations of millions of seeds and plant life.

It was the good fortune of this pastor, his wife and daughter, to receive a special invitation from the manager, Mr. James Lawrence, who is also a native New Englander, and a member of the writer's church, to visit the grounds. To say that it was a treat is expressing it very mildly; for it was, indeed, a treat in more ways than one, as Mr. Lawrence packed a basket as full as could be carried with the different varieties of fruit (and such luscious fruit as only California can grow), and also filled our hands with beautiful flowers to bring home. The parsonage has reveled in the fragrance of those flowers, and its occupants feasted upon some of the most toothsome fruit that grows in God's out-of-doors.

If one is inclined to be skeptical concerning what God can do, he needs only to visit such a place, to see what God and one of His wonder-workers can accomplish, to put to flight all of his skepticism. Mr. Burbank believes thoroughly in the law of the survival of the fittest; for, as we passed along among the trees, many of them were marked, indicating that they were not such as he desired, and they would have to submit to the pruning-knife and be grafted anew next spring. In his case it is not that the master comes and finds only leaves; but in most cases he finds fruit that is unsatisfactory. A spiritual lesson came to us, and we wondered, if the fruit of our lives was unsatisfactory to our Master, whether He would not put the mark upon us, that we receive proper attention at the pruning and grafting season. Indeed, are not many lives being pruned by the sharp knife of affliction, that they may bring forth more and better fruit?

It is difficult to realize that Mr. Burbank deals with such vast numbers of seeds and plants when he makes his selections. It is said that it was from a bed of 65,000 plants that he selected the one from which his white blackberry was developed. Prof. DeVries, of Amsterdam, who visited him, remarked: "It is no easy task to pick the right apple tree from a growing bed of three hundred thousand seedlings." But this is exactly what Mr. Burbank does.

It was, indeed, a novel and fascinating sight to see such a variety of plums and other fruits. Some idea of the scope of his operations may be gained from the fact that there are growing upon his experimental grounds as many as three hundred thousand distinct varieties of plums. Of course it must not be understood that separate trees bear all of these thousand upon thousands of plums. It is not at all unusual to see a single tree with a score of different varieties growing thereon; also there are sixty thousand varieties of peaches and nectarines, five thousands almonds, and a like number of walnuts and chestnuts, besides thousands of berries and flowers. A very large cherry tree, we were informed, bore over one hundred varieties of cherries. We saw and tasted of fruits that we had never seen growing or in the market, like

the plumcot, loquat, and plums without number.

Being native New Englanders, ourselves, we were not a little interested in many plants that reminded us of home, but are not so common here, such as the goldenrod, old-fashioned mullein, milkweed, elderberries, sumac, and white daisies. All these grow luxuriantly here.

To see and feel of the thornless blackberry and spineless cactus gives one an idea of what is going on under the supervision of this marvelous man; and yet he has other very interesting and important experiments under way, among which is a new fruit obtained by crossing the tomato and the potato. It is called the pomato, and is a rich, wholesome fruit of great delicacy.

Mr. Burbank has been greatly handicapped until recently because of the lack of adequate means to carry on this great work. Fortunately for the world, as well as himself, the period of struggle is now over. The Carnegie Institute has come to his aid with an appropriation of \$10,000 annually for a period of ten years. It is a recognition rightly bestowed and richly deserved, and it will be returned a thousand-fold in benefit to mankind, if a kind Providence spares the life of this useful man for years to come. It can truthfully be said that what Thomas A. Edison is to the world of electricity, Luther Burbank is to the world of horticulture.

After getting a vision of the possibilities within reach of this genius, we pray earnestly that God will spare his life for many years, that he may continue to be a benefactor to humanity.

Sebastopol, Cal.

A GLIMPSE OF SOME OF ITALY'S HILL TOWNS

II.

REV. DILLON BRONSON, D. D.

UNDER the dome of the magnificent church of St. Mary of Angels on the plain is the hut of St. Francis, in which the gentle priest founded his great order. In the garden, reached through a chapel, his roses bloom without thorns. In the quaint town of

Assisi,

which rises 1,300 feet above the valley, is his tomb and a colossal monastery, one of the finest in all Italy. St. Francis was born in 1182, and misfortune early opened his heart to God's Spirit. He had frequent visions, and the church believes that Jesus marked him with nail-prints on hands and feet. At the age of twenty-six he founded the brotherhood whose vows were poverty, chastity, and obedience. Dante says he rose like the sun and illumined everything with his rays. We spent several delightful hours in the cool monastery and the churches where overcoats were necessary, though outside in the sun one could barely wear a look of resignation; and studied with great interest the famous frescoes of Giotto in the lower church and the 27 scenes from Francis' life in the upper church. Taking a cab, which is always cheaper than walking in Italy, we drove through the strange little city of 5,000 population perched on a great hill of rock, and from

the public garden a mile distant from the monastery we enjoyed a most extensive and beautiful view. Near the garden are the tomb and church of St. Clara, who, though twelve years younger than St. Francis, naturally fell in love with him, and laying aside her wealth founded a noble sisterhood — the Clarissines. We spent the never-to-be-forgotten moonlit night at the delightful Subasio Hotel, where we saw Paul Sabatier, the author, whose life of St. Francis we propose to read on our homeward voyage.

The following day we drove in a comfortable landau down from Assisi across the plain and up again 1,600 feet to

Perugia,

a handsome city of 20,000 people with good air, splendid water, and a view over the Umbrian plain embracing Assisi, Spello, Foligno, Trevi, and the valley of the Tiber. These great rocks on which the strongly fortified hill towns of Italy

train about fifty miles to Porto Ceresio, where we embarked on the beautiful Lake Lugano for the fair Swiss town of the same name. It was not easy to turn back from the cool, bracing air of Switzerland to the fierce sun of Italy, but we did it in order to spend a few days in a great flower garden at Baveno, opposite the pretty little Borromean islands. Here we secured an auto and made a lively run of three hours along the finest of all Italian lakes, Maggiore, to Locarno, where we wished to see the great painting of A. Ciceri — the "Entombment of the Saviour." The road was so winding, and our speed so high, that we breathed more freely when finally deposited in the train for Airolo.

Switzerland

At the Swiss boundary our Jehu was obliged to deposit \$150, and though he would return in two hours to receive it again, we must raise every franc in Swiss

an iron merchant — the other day, who is being dragged by his ambitious daughter across Europe despite his earnest protests, and he is so bored with everything that he wishes the whole summer might be jumped in an hour. He confided to me that he would rather have a full plate of ham and eggs than to see all the Madonnas in the world, and I am sure he thinks more about hotels than cathedrals and mountains. So it comes to pass. Many must travel because they have money, when, alas! they have nothing else; and multitudes whose souls are rich must abide where they were born. Possibly some good Pittsburger will some day establish a fund which will allow young people to see this beautiful mansion of the Father before they are called to another.

Lucerne, Aug. 5.

IN TIME OF DISASTER

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

O Lord! what cowards are we, from the birth!
Make us, though late, we pray, Christ heroes still!
That we may dread no more each haunting ill,
Show us, Creator, what Thy souls are worth!
Out of their bodies — racked with pain and death,
Rent by man's passions, chance, and Nature's will —
Forth souls go winging, which no force can kill,
However it may decimate their earth.
Oh, then, make Thou our greed of *this* life less;
Make the soul firm, whatever else may fall!
With ever-growing faith in Life to Be,
Balm Thou the fear of what must come to all;
Till of our human dread, we lose the stress,
Through living near Thine Immortality!

Cambridge, Mass.

Lambs to the Slaughter

From Boston Post.

WE are now about to see the sequel to the great sensational deal in Pacific stocks. The "public," we are told, is "coming into the market." Publication of stories of enormous profits made by Mr. Harriman and those who were with him in the secret of that masterly manipulation has inspired a desire to get a share of the leavings.

But there are no leavings, dear public. The "skin deal" is closed, and that is the end of it. The outsiders have parted with their money and the insiders have got it; and that is all. The appearance of general activity in stocks is only an echo of the past explosion; it will die away in lessening reverberations.

Values will remain — where value has existed — and next time the trick will be played in a different way. When this is done, it will be the manipulators who reap the reward, if they happen to be successful, and the fellows who come along after them will pick up few crumbs from the feast.

This is the usual thing. The way the stock market has acted since the great Pacific coup shows what the prospect is today. It is a game with loaded dice.

To the lambs: Don't go in and be sheared. Save your wool.



ENTOMBMENT OF THE SAVIOUR

From the painting by A. Ciceri, at Locarno

were built during the Middle Ages, were once islands which lifted themselves above the sea like the present Tuscan archipelago. Perugia is fitted for a long sojourn, for here Perugino founded the Umbrian school of painting, and art abounds everywhere, while there are a few famous old buildings and there is a new hotel fine enough to satisfy Pittsburg millionaires. In these high-class hotels of Italy one pays from three to six dollars per day as in America, but there are always "pensions" in easy reach which provide everything at from one to two dollars per day. Many Americans with moderate incomes have learned that it costs less to travel in Europe than to remain at home, and here the servant girl problem never vexes.

After nine beautiful days in Florence, the "flower of fair cities," we went on to Milan to spend an hour in the exposition grounds and four hours in the cathedral, which seems to me the fairest work of man, possibly second to the Taj Mahal. One must wander over the top of the Milan Cathedral and climb up almost to Mary's feet before he can appreciate the eighth wonder of the world.

From Milan we went by a swift electric

or French money. Italian paper, though worth as much at the bank now, would not be received. The officials did not ask a word, however, about the contents of our trunks, and we thought it the easiest custom house examination we had ever known. From Airolo, at the mouth of the great ever-smoking tunnel, we drove three days in carriage over the St. Gotthard, Furka and Grimsel passes. We halted three hours at the top of the Rhone Glacier, and climbed over the ice and snow to our heart's content. The mountainsides were covered with the deep red Alpine roses. Oh, that every reader of the HERALD may see Switzerland either before or after the transition we call death! Ignorance of the languages is only a slight barrier. One soon learns to count ten in all of them, and can always make figures on paper. Signs and wonders and small silver convey ideas, and English continues to make rapid progress everywhere. It is a pity that so many of our fellow countrymen dig so hard to find vast quantities of "a root of many kinds of evil," and never look up or abroad until they are too old to enjoy travel, which is truly a royal road to knowledge. We met a rich old chap —

Up-to-date Moods and Methods in Our New England Methodism -- III

New Ways of Winning Our Inwandering Reinforcements

WILLIAM FAIRFIELD WARREN, S. T. D.

THE one ever dominant mood of Methodism is that of joyous confidence in God and man. We expect new victories as certainly as we expect new sunrises. God's saving purpose is "purposed upon the whole earth," and to our Divine Leader has been given all power in heaven and on earth. With this mood of victorious expectancy our methods should ever accord; out of it they all should spring.

Calvinists may consistently hold to elect and reprobate races, and to elect and reprobate nations, as they do to elect and reprobate individuals. Such a thought can have no place among us. We have heard the Sermon on the Mount, and the sermon on Mars' Hill. To no human being, to no human tribe, to no human people, dare we cry: "*Procul o procul, este profani!*" That were heathenism renewed. Our divinely given evangel is: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

In the last preceding paper we surveyed the leading streams of immigration which are divinely intended to make glad our city of God here in New England. By what

Modifications of Traditional Methods

can we most hasten this gladdening?

1. Our English-speaking leaders must far more than ever yet seek the acquaintance of our leaders who are not of English speech. Both classes should mingle and intermingle on every favorable occasion. They should take counsel of each other and oftener pray for and with each other. In every practicable way they should develop the sense of their Christian and denominational unity. Then each will multiply and diversify the power of the other. The requirement is not difficult, for we have not a worker among the foreign-born who cannot understand English and well express himself in this tongue.

2. Our Bishops and presiding elders should canvass our entire ministry for men of bi-lingual gifts and attainments, and, other things being equal, should commend them to the churches as a kind of honor class, qualified for a more important service than their brethren. Then, in fixing the appointments, reference should be had first of all to the utilizing of the men who are able to carry on bi-lingual parishes or at least to superintend bi-lingual parish work. Were this to be done, a large percentage of our New England charges in towns and cities where the foreign born are numerous could be supplied with pastors capable of serving the foreign-born in their own vernacular, and of promoting Christian fellowship between natives and the foreign born.

3. Our Deaconess Training Schools should seek out candidates who are already bi-lingual, or who by training and practice can easily become bi-lingual. Our church has hundreds of young women of non-English stock, who can use the English language and the language of their parents with a correctness and facility almost perfect. They should be shown the possibilities of Christian usefulness open to them in the life of a deaconess employed by the church, not merely to relieve individuals, but also — and far more — to aid in the unification and edification of Christ's body. In our German Deaconess Training schools many bi-lingual candidates are

already found. To those schools some of our candidates of English mother tongue might do well to resort.

4. Our Sunday-schools are all the time graduating into the world, or into some abnormal and uncomfortable do-nothing relationship to the recognized workers in the church, youths and maidens whose parents were foreign born, and who because of this fact rightly or wrongly feel that they are some way handicapped both socially and ecclesiastically in the community. In nine cases out of ten these Sunday-school and day-school youths and maidens are practically perfect bi-linguists. In multitudes of cases they have been religiously quickened and have accepted with all honesty the claims of Christ upon their lives. They do not in large numbers join the church, for they feel the lack of the kind of welcome they need. Could they only be told by the pastor and by the Sunday-school teacher that they are the most precious product of the school because of the use to which the Saviour can put and is waiting to put their precious gift of tongue, it would work a complete transformation in their estimate of duty and of Christian possibilities in life. Then, if the church should seek their service in the ways of their exceptional qualification, and show appropriate appreciation of it, they would quickly become leaders of marvelous effectiveness in the work of building up the church from the ranks of the foreign-born. Perhaps no waste that has been permitted to go on year after year in our church has been equal to that which has resulted from our fatuous neglect of those doubly-equipped young people. The Apostle Paul could preach Christ in two or three naturally-acquired languages, and he was ever eagerly in search of the Timothys and Tituses and John Marks who could do the same. We should be equally rational in dealing with conditions much resembling those of the early apostolic churches.

5. Paragraph 366 of the Discipline should be radically changed. At present it limits the duties of the quarterly conference committee on missions to the one item of "*aiding the pastor in carrying into effect the disciplinary measures for the support of our missions.*" The missionary function of every local church in its community and adjacent neighborhoods is left entirely out of view. The committee which as its prime duty should stimulate and superintend local evangelism is reduced to the paltry position of a mere helper's helper in purveying monetary support to a distant charitable organization which the committee has never seen and never expects to see. What wonder that in so many charges the operations of this committee are entirely perfunctory, or even a zero quantity from year to year!

6. "Church visitors," if tactful, can do much in the homes of the foreign-born. Still, in many families, the fact that the visitor invites to attendances on an unknown church, or on one against which a priest has spoken warnings, and the further fact that the visitor is paid to carry round invitations of this sort, constitute a serious barrier to success. In every community where there are immigrants of foreign tongue the first of all needs is that of one or more persons who from Christian motives can tactfully initiate friendly per-

sonal intercourse, and this in ways that preclude every ground of suspicion that the advances made are in any sense official, or by commission, or are undertaken for pay.

Your Chance, Brother Eugene

Here, Brother Eugene, is a priceless opening for you. Your pastor and others have been telling you that you ought to become a local preacher. The presiding elder hopes to license you next time he comes round. But you have steadily demurred. You really feel that God calls you to be a soul-winner, but you doubt whether it is in that line. The local preacher, you say, has not the opportunities he once had; his own brethren often fail to appreciate him and to support his labors with their sympathies and prayers. You want to win souls, but you do not want to be a local preacher. You are just my man. Within ten minutes' walk of your home there are a half-dozen families of Greeks, with as many more young sons of Hellas who in search of fortune came without their families to this country. Socially they are entirely isolated from the native American community, and feel this isolation often to the point of homesickness. The children in the public school have some chance to acquire our language and a recognition. The elders have almost no such chance, much as they covet it. This evening at the post-office you will see the foreman of these Greeks take from the clerk a Greek journal published in Athens. Touch your hat politely to him and ask if you may look at his paper as a curiosity. However broken his English, he will be greatly pleased to show it to you. And when you further tell him that your parents gave you a good Greek name, Eugene, he will be still more pleased. And when you add that when in the high school you learned the Greek alphabet and read Xenophon's Anabasis, he will be almost ready to nominate you for honorary citizenship in the city of Athens. Ask him if you may call and see him at his home next Thursday evening, and see how hearty will be his invitation.

Well, Thursday evening you will have a charming call, learn a lot of things you never knew before, see some lovely children, and before leaving the house you will tell the man that you would much enjoy refreshing your rudimentary knowledge of his language. You will ask him (as if it were a very special favor, as indeed it is) if he could some evening of the week read Modern Greek newspapers and books to you for a half hour if you would read to him English and give him and his family lessons in English. The eagerness with which your suggestion will be received will "strangely warm" your heart. You will go home so happy that you will begin to pray for the man and his family at once. And the more nights you pray the surer you will become that you are indeed called to be a soul-winner, and that you have found the divinest of all roads to the goal — the path of kindly service.

Already the second week the man will ask you to let his brother and a nephew come in and get the benefit of your half hour of English readings and explanations; and almost every week, on one ground or another, you will have an additional auditor and a resulting acquaintance. They all know what Lord Byron did for the independence of their country, so you read to them some of the lines by which Byron fired all liberty-lovers in Europe. They all know of ancient Ulysses, so you tell them of Tennyson's poem bearing that name. When you read the lines of the old king's purpose,

"To sail beyond the sunset, and the paths
Of all the western stars,"

it will bring their own westward voyagings so vividly to mind that you will see the tears start in their homesick eyes. You will tell them of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and read to them from her book, "From the Oak to the Olive."

By and by the little sitting-room will hardly hold the eight or ten who wish to be present every privileged evening. You say nothing of the vacant waiting vestry over in the second street from there; it is not yet time. But the time will come.

One day in Boston you will step into the rooms of the Bible Society and get a half-dozen copies of the Greek Testament and a half dozen of English ones. Then the next meeting evening all will be delighted to be told that each of the half hours can now be made equally profitable to them if while the Greek of the Sermon on the Mount is read they will follow with the open English Testaments, and in like manner follow in the open Greek when the English is read. There-with will have come your chance to begin to preach Christ—not in a pulpit as a priest or parson, but in a far more promising rôle; not in formal sermonic discourse, but in a conversation as simple and effective as our Lord's to the woman at the well; not to a street crowd curious, indifferent, hostile, but to a little circle whose interest and sincere friendship you have already won. Perhaps you will begin by telling them what men mean when they call a child Eugene, or Eugenia, "well-born," and then you will go on to tell of those who are well-born according to God's standard, and the new-born. And then you will not fail to speak of Him who is the First-born of every creature. If in such a friendly, favoring circle, with the promised aid of God's Word and Spirit, you cannot prove a soul-winner, you and your pastor have grievously mistaken the will of God concerning you.

My paper is too long—yet all too short. If any reader has been stirred up to desire other suggestions of improvement in our methods of working, let him write to the corresponding secretary of our Missionary Society, 150 Fifth Ave., New York, for a pamphlet entitled "Reinforcements from the Orient," and send the bill to me for payment. At five cents apiece I will gladly pay for many. Meantime we will bless God that right here in our New England the church of our fathers has been given ten new tongues, and that ten far-off nations of the Old World are daily sending us their children for speedy naturalization in the kingdom of our Lord.

Boston University School of Theology.

ALDEN SPEARE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Yenping, China

C. M. LACEY SITES.

ONE hundred and forty miles up the Min River from Foochow is the famous prefectural walled city of Yenping. It stands in the angle formed by the two chief affluents of the Min, and rises on a picturesque succession of ridges from the water's edge toward the heights which form its western defences. Defences they were in the feudal days of the city's prime, and even as late as a half century ago, for it was here that the southeastward advance of the Taiping rebels was finally stayed. Twenty-five years ago a Methodist missionary, Nathan Sites, was mobbed on the principal street of the city, and was left, sorely bruised, near the little chapel which was then the only foothold our church had in the place. Today the traveler, following up the windings of the Min River from the

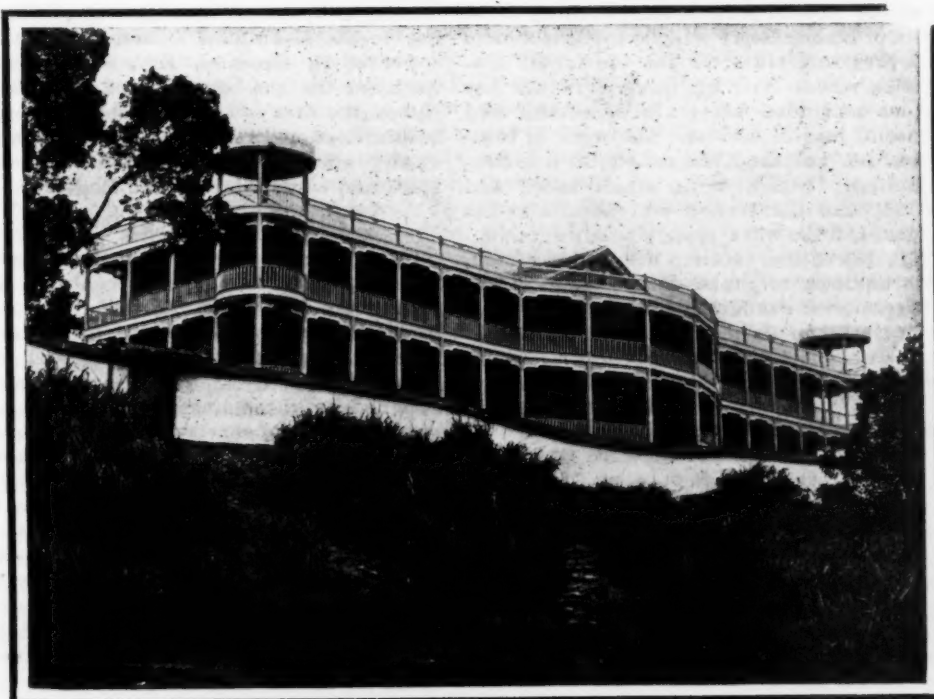
coast, sees, while still some miles away, certain structures which stand out prominently on the slope, and others which crown the highest ridge of the city. The first is the large new Methodist church. Beyond, on the encircling heights, are the mission residences, the still unfinished buildings of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society schools, and the newly dedicated Nathan Sites Memorial Academy. In the very heart of the city, on a little eminence of its own, stands the beautiful, generously planned Alden Speare Memorial Hospital.

The name suggests the source of the benefaction which has been transmuted into a perennial spring of human kindness. The genius which has wrought the transmutation and directs the work of ministration is that of Dr. J. E. Skinner, who, with his wife, Susan Lawrence Skinner,

floor rooms, is flat and protected by a railing, making a beautiful place for recreation. One wing is set apart for women and children, and a separate kitchen is provided for them. There is running water on tap in kitchens, bath rooms, operating, dressing, and drug rooms.

The hospital building has a frontal length of about one hundred and seventy feet. Its gray brick and white verandas give it an airy, light effect which is enhanced by its commanding location. The hospital building is one of the best in China, and gives promise of great usefulness.

On a balmy midwinter day (for Fuhkien Province is half in the tropics), just before last Chinese New Year, the building was dedicated. Missionaries from Foochow and friends from Shanghai took part in the services, which were conducted by the native presiding elder. Church members and



ALDEN SPEARE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, YENPING, CHINA

M. D., opened the medical work here at Yenping only about two years ago.

The Alden Speare Memorial Hospital is composed in reality of two buildings: the hospital proper, consisting of a central building and two wings; and back of this, separated by a space of twenty-five feet, a second building containing chapel, dining room and kitchens, with rooms upstairs for students, assistants, and servants. All patients coming to the clinic enter at the rear of this building, as the principal road leads up to the back of the compound. The dispensary is located on the first floor of the central part of the hospital. Patients enter first a receiving room, where tea is served to them; they wait in the chapel, where religious services are being carried on, and are thence admitted, one at a time, to the examining room, where their cases are recorded and prescriptions handed them to be filled by the student or assistant in the drug room, or later attended to in the dressing room. The operating and dressing rooms are lighted by a glass alcove much like a conservatory, which, while protected from the sun, gives an abundance of light. In this central part is also the reception room for guests; also a drug store room.

On the second floor of the central building are six wards corresponding to the rooms below. The wings are composed of a large ward and four private rooms on each floor. The front and ends of the hospital are protected by wide, open verandas, the roof of which, opening from the second-

their Chinese friends thronged the chapel. In the midst of the exercises there was a commotion without, and an incontinent turning of heads within; the Chinese officials had begun to arrive. They came in the order of their importance and in their full regalia of office; from the chief of the local gendarmerie up to district magistrate, prefect, and taotal—all were present, to the number of a dozen or so, and utterly affable and appreciative. Among the gentry of the city are some who have inquired if they might, without the prerequisite of being sick, gain admittance to the hospital, to enjoy its salubrity as a residence!

With improvements in transportation and modern methods of industry, this western section of Fuhkien will probably regain much of its old importance. The church is in the position of vantage. Its mission of healing is making known to the people the name of Him who assumed our mortal flesh,

"and wrought,
With human hands, the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought."

— World Wide Missions.

"May I reach
That purest heaven; be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony;
Enkindle generous ardor; feed pure love;
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense."

METHODIST DOINGS IN OHIO

"PHILOLOGUS."

CONFERENCE time is on, and the Methodist field in Ohio, the largest in the United States in any one commonwealth, with over three hundred thousand communicants, is all astir with preparations for the annual sessions of the five English speaking bodies which share the territory between them. Bishop Berry will open the campaign at Eaton, where Rev. W. A. Wiant is pastor. This is the home of the new farmer governor, General Andrew L. Harris, and it is expected that he may be able to help welcome the body. The town is not a large one, and it will require the united hospitality of the community to take care of the two or three hundred ministers and laymen who will be present. It is the Cincinnati Conference that will convene here, Aug. 29. One of the most important things falling to the lot of Bishop Berry will be the selection of a presiding elder for the Cincinnati District, where Rev. Dr. Davis W. Clark has just concluded his sixth successful and useful year of service. The work of leading ten thousand Methodists, in a metropolitan district, is no small task; and doubtless the Bishop will scrutinize the field and the work closely before announcing his choice. Bishop Berry, it is hinted, is anxious to make this session of the Conference evangelistic in its spirit and prayerful in its temper, and he will without question find hearty co-operation in this effort. His own fervor, enterprise and fraternal kindness will help to kindle the fires.

Bishop McCabe will hold the Ohio Conference, beginning, Sept. 5, at Chillicothe, in Walnut Street Church, Rev. C. E. Chandler being the host. The Bishop will have no presiding elders to select this year. He will have a rousing welcome as an Ohio son returning to his early inheritance.

On the same day Bishop McDowell will open the North Ohio Conference at Oberlin, where Rev. E. H. Warner, the pastor, has recently built a notably commodious and beautiful church edifice, in which the body will meet. Bishop McDowell will find a great welcome in this college community. He and President King of Oberlin University are close friends; and, in addition, he has had such remarkable experience as university president and secretary of the Board of Education, that his presence in a college community is of itself an event, a memorable event, to faculty, students, and people.

Rev. Dr. C. H. Stocking will be the suave and considerate entertainer of the East Ohio Conference at First Church, Ashtabula, Sept. 12, with Bishop Bashford in the chair. The Bishop, filled with inspiring reminiscences of his two years of labor in China, and his horizon all aflame with visions of the things that are now possible in that great mission field, will doubtless stir the hearts of the people with quickening zeal and contagious fire. The term of six years on the Youngstown District, where for that period Rev. J. W. King has been presiding elder, is about to expire, and Bishop Bashford will have the duty of finding a worthy man to take charge of that important field.

On Sept. 19 Bishop Bashford will hold the Central Ohio Conference at Bowling Green, where Rev. A. J. Fish is pastor. A vacancy on the Belfontaine District will be filled by Bishop Bashford, as Rev. Dr. T. H. Campbell, who has been on that field but a year, has accepted a place in the faculty of Ohio Wesleyan University, in connection with the work of financial secretary of that great institution.

The German churches in Ohio are in the Central German Conference, which will open at Evansville, Ind., under the presidency of Bishop Berry, Sept. 5. Our German brethren are doing a steady, patient, faithful sort of work in Ohio, without much prospect of enlargement. Inevitably their young people incline to the English-speaking Methodist churches, and indeed in many of the German congregations some of the services regularly are held in English. The Conference is one of the strongholds of the *Apologete*, on which Dr. Nast and his accomplished assistant, Dr. Golder, do effective editorial work. Indeed, it would be difficult to over-stress the influence of this paper, taken as it is by a large proportion of the families of our German Methodism in this country and by hundreds in Germany and Switzerland.

In addition, there is an Afro American contingent scattered through Ohio, belonging to the Lexington Conference, which convenes in Greenup, Ky., with Bishop Bashford in the chair, Sept. 26. Thus before the first of October the episcopal administration will have touched and vitally affected all of Ohio Methodism, black and white, German and English.

Bishop Spellmeyer's Tour

Bishop Spellmeyer will be missed in Cincinnati while he is absent in China. He has made himself felt as a leader in the city and vicinity by his tact, his platform and pulpit services, and his brotherly kindness. Had he not been assigned to the Chinese field to fill an emergent term of service, he would doubtless have been in the chair at one or more of the Conferences in the State this fall, and thus have received a more intimate impression of the status of the work than a man may otherwise gain who occupies the post of resident Bishop. It is thought that Bishop Bashford will be able to return to China next spring or summer, and in that case Bishop Spellmeyer will then come back to his Cincinnati post.

The Political Situation

The political pot is beginning to boil. Both parties are wary, and seemingly anxious to avoid mistakes. The Republicans have learned something from the reverse of last fall, and are on their good behavior. The attitude and administration of Governor Harris have commended him to the whole State. He holds himself well in hand, has proved to be the governor of all the people, and no man has attempted to put a collar or a tag on him and claim him as belonging to any clique. The nominations and elections of Congressmen this fall add to the piquancy of the opening campaign. The prospects indicate that the Republicans will win a notable victory. The Democrats, unfortunately, in Cincinnati and elsewhere, took last fall's election result as denoting a partisan victory, and they have been quarreling over the division of the spoils. Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, and his opponents have been at loggerheads through the State, and at this writing it looks as if the mayor was going to be disciplined as a State leader. No effort in Cleveland or in Cincinnati has been made to put or keep "the lid on," so far as the liquor traffic on Sunday is concerned; while the removal of the superintendent of the House of Refuge, after years of distinguished service, Mr. James Allison, and his assistant, Mr. Peter Costello — men whose services for many years have made them men of repute as specialists throughout the country — and the refusal of the Board of Public Service, which did the deed, to hear a protest or petition for reconsideration, signed by more than eight

hundred citizens and presented by a reputable body of leading men of the city, are facts which have grieved and disappointed thousands of voters in Cincinnati, who helped to put Mayor Dempsey into his office. The mayor, by his removal of Major Frank J. Jones, for twenty years a most faithful and efficient trustee of the University of Cincinnati, avowedly on the basis of a "political necessity," gave occasion for deep indignation throughout the city. These matters have not helped the "reform movement" in Cincinnati, and in the coming election there is but little likelihood that the Democrats will gain a victory.

Hon. Nicholas Longworth will run again for Congress from one of the Cincinnati districts, and he will win, although just now the trade unions are making dire threats of what they are going to do, and the Democrats are looking about for a strong man to put into the field against him. He and Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth have just come to their Cincinnati home, where they will be settled for a season of rest and comfort after their foreign tour and their strenuous life in Washington.

The attack on Senator Foraker in one of the current magazines is so unjust and malicious as to awaken indignation and contempt throughout Ohio. It ignores the fact, which ought to be known everywhere, that nearly all the constructive legislation pertaining to Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands is the product of his brain and pen. It accuses him of living in extravagance, when everybody in Cincinnati knows that his home in that city, occupied by his family for years, was not palatial in any way, and that his manner of life has been simple, unostentatious, and without display. He was never a favorite of George B. Cox, owes nothing whatever to him for his success, and is the one leader in Ohio Republicanism who was not responsible in any way for the reverse of the party last fall, or for the policies and iniquities which led to it. Those who know Senator Foraker best know him to be a man of courage, sagacity and great legal ability, whose generous manhood gives him a mighty hold on his friends. This effort to blacken his character will only react on the men who have lent themselves to the ungracious task.

Sunshine

The air is full of a witchery, silent, unfelt, and unseen;
Yet it touches the black pine woods, and they flash to a riot of green;
It breathes on the diffident birches, and lo! they are dancing in white,
And it paints on the slopes of the barren fields a picture of delight.

I do not know what the magic is, but I think I have seen the same
In a quiet life, a transparent life, and the world knows not her name;
But, herself unnoted, a touch, a breath, where the sad and the sullen were,
And the dark is light, and the gloom is bright, at the very thought of her.

I do not know what the magic is that dwells in her quickening face,
No book have I to the witchery that wraps her around with grace;
But this I know, be it mirth or woe, where her blessed feet have trod,
There widens out in the hearts of men the beautiful peace of God.

— Amos R. Wells.

CHAUTAUQUA

REV. HARRY M. CHALFANT.

THE historian of the Methodist Episcopal Church will find among the names of its Bishops that of John H. Vincent; but it will not be as a Bishop that he will be best known and longest remembered by coming generations. About a third of a century ago he became the leader in inaugurating a system of education which has taken hold of the people with marvelous power and rapidity, and is known in every State of the Union. On the shores of the beautiful lake in Western New York was a famous camp-meeting ground, but the interest in that institution was waning. Looking over this ground, Dr. Vincent conceived the idea of a summer assembly for broader culture and especially for Sunday-school teachers. How this movement took root and grew, the men who have believed in it and stood by it, its far reaching effects in many lines—these are topics too intricate and extensive for us to review at this time.

Some Statistics

The old Chautauqua has a numerous progeny—several hundred scattered from one end of the land to the other. And the smaller Chautauquas are doing a splendid work. They are bringing to the very doors of the people many of the advantages that are afforded those who are within reach of the original institution. But none of these more recently organized Chautauquas can compare, when all things are considered, with the first one established. A few statistics may be of interest to those who read this. The Chautauqua program covers two months—July and August. From Dr. W. H. Hickman, president of the board of trustees, we learned that the budget for the current year is over \$100,000. More than \$40,000 are put into the program and the summer schools. The institution has an endowment fund of \$65,000. Aside from the income on this the expenses are met by rentals and gate receipts, together with a few private gifts. Almost 2,500 students are enrolled this season in the various summer schools. A conservative estimate puts the average daily attendance for the present summer at 15,000 people.

In material equipment some splendid improvements have recently been made. The new Hall of Philosophy, constructed of steel and cement at a cost of \$15,000, is a thing of beauty. The Colonnade is a new brick structure, 80x176 feet, worth \$50,000, accommodates all the stores that are necessary, and adds to rather than detracts from the beauty and symmetry of the grounds and buildings. The Hall of Christ is in an unsightly condition, but the money is now in hand, and the building will soon be completed. The fine artistic work designed for the inside will be the work of future years.

Religious Life

All friends of Chautauqua rejoice that through the years of increasing popularity there has been no letting down in the religious tone of the institution. The Sabbath is a day of quiet rest. The gates are closed, sports and amusements are laid aside, and the fifteen or twenty thousand people of the summer city rest quietly in their cottages or stroll about the grounds when not attending divine services. Chautauqua is a silent rebuke to those camp meetings which keep open gate on the Lord's day, and whose chief characteristic is Sabbath desecration. Each denomination has on the grounds its own chapel, with its Wednesday evening prayer meeting and Sunday morning devotional exercises.

Ample provision is made in the regular program for the spiritual culture of the people. Besides the Sunday services, one hour is taken every morning except Saturdays for devotional exercises. This meeting is led and addressed by the best preachers of this country and England. During our two weeks' stay this year the attendance at these services averaged about 2,500 daily.

Music

Chautauqua has always laid strong emphasis on its music. Music-lovers this year had a continual feast. The choir and orchestra were under the direction of Mr. Alfred Hallam, of New York. Several of the great oratorios were given, among them being the "Messiah." Numerous cantatas and concerts were furnished, and some of the finest vocal and instrumental artists of the country were heard from time to time. Great enthusiasm was aroused when the announcement was made that an elect lady had given \$20,000 for the purchase of a new pipe organ for the institution. Her name was at first withheld, but it was later learned that the donor was Mrs. Massey, of Toronto, whose husband was, during his lifetime, a generous supporter and ardent friend of Chautauqua.

Old First Night

This is always a happy event. What a mingling of tears and laughter! An inspiring occasion, its speakers find it no task to pour forth their streams of sparkling wit and charming eloquence. Who will ever forget the silent salute in memory of the honored and lamented dead? Old Chautauquans brought their greetings—Hurlbut, the Vincents, Schmucker, Gunsaulus. North, South, East and West were represented. Other lands were heard from. Miss Ellen M. Stone spoke for Bulgaria, Mr. Chester Massey for Canada, and Lieutenant-commander Takeuchi of the Imperial Japanese Navy, a hero of the battle of the Sea of Japan, represented the Sunrise Kingdom. The little Jap was accorded the Chautauqua salute and was heard with great delight. Not knowing English very well, he could not finish one of his sentences through his inability to get the word "platform." But with rare presence of mind he made himself clear by stamping his foot. He closed with a ringing "Barzai." The Bishop took an informal census of the six thousand people in the auditorium, to determine their citizenship. As to States, it was found that Pennsylvania furnished the institution's largest constituency, with New York a close second. Chautauqua is a very popular resort for Southern people, and one is surprised especially to see the large numbers that come from the Gulf States. When the choir sings "Dixie" these folks make times lively about the auditorium. It is perfectly safe to say that Chautauqua is no insignificant factor in cementing the bonds of love and friendship and confidence between the North and the South.

A Great Quartet

We do not refer to any one of the quartets of singers that were heard, but to four mighty men of the pulpit and platform who gave each a series of lectures and addresses. First came Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis, of Brooklyn. Those who desired to hear a profound philosophical discussion of some of the great pressing present-day problems were pleased with the Brooklyn preacher. Those who were anxious for messages that had in them a deep spiritual tone and an evangelistic note were not disappointed. In fact, the work of every one of this quartet evi-

denced great familiarity with the deepest notes of the spiritual life. Next came Dr. W. J. Dawson, Englishman and American, preacher and literary critic, evangelist and lecturer. Master of a fine literary style, absorbed with a great passion for winning men to Christ, his Gospel messages are clear and simple, forceful and timely. These two men came in successive weeks, and each preached in the morning and lectured in the afternoon. After their departure came Drs. J. Wilbur Chapman and F. W. Gunsaulus at the same time. Dr. Chapman had the morning devotional hour. His messages were characteristic of the man. They were heartsearching and direct, calculated to awaken sinners and arouse the saints right here and just now. He was followed each day in a series of lectures by Dr. Gunsaulus on "The Soul's Cry for Help." There are sermons that would better be called lectures. In this case it was reversed. These lectures, so-called, were in reality a connected series of great sermons. We say great sermons advisedly. Nothing small in the line of sermonizing is going to capture and hold from twenty-five hundred to three thousand people day after day, and that at an unfavorable hour. At times a little more difficult to follow than the others, but at other times he attained heights of sacred eloquence which seemed beyond their reach. A quartet of mighty men! And yet back of every message that came from their lips one could easily detect the spirit of the apostle when he said: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Other Speakers

Dr. Hurlbut, veteran Chautauquan, was there with his numerous and always helpful lectures on Palestine, Bible study and Sunday school methods. Dr. E. H. Griggs was there with a series of enlightening lectures on the "Divine Comedy." Dr. Schmucker, certainly one of the most popular speakers in his peculiar line that has yet mounted the American platform, was there. The boys were not neglected, and Mr. George was there to tell about his Junior Republic; while Judge Willis Brown, of Salt Lake, discoursed eloquently on the merits of the Juvenile Court. At Chautauqua it is not a question of hearing all the lectures, for that is impossible. It is a great feast, and one must simply make his selections of the food he shall receive.

Your correspondent was present only two weeks. He found the ministry largely represented and the program specially helpful to studious and growing preachers. But in fact one finds here a program well calculated to meet the highest needs of the men and women of all classes and professions. And while we heard possibly two of the best weeks of the season, yet one cannot read the program from the opening until the closing day of the Assembly without at once noting the continual array of the strongest talent.

Patriotism

Chautauqua stands for better citizenship and better government. It stands for the grateful recognition of the Republic's defenders. Two notable speakers were present this year on Grand Army day. One was Governor Higgins, who spoke briefly. The other was General O. O. Howard, who delivered the principal address of the day. Nearly all the leading commanders of the Civil War have answered the last roll call. To have heard this noted Christian soldier was an opportunity which thousands of Chautauquans both from the North and the South highly esteemed.

Pittsburg, Pa.

THE FAMILY DEPARTMENT

The Old Farm-House

FREDERICK M. COLBY.

There comes to me a picture —
A picture fair and bright;
A farm-house on the hillside,
With clapboards painted white,
Where 'neath the eaves the swallows
Built every summer time,
And sweet the echoes sounded
Of chanticleer's shrill chime.

I see its quaint old gables,
With slanting roof-tree low,
Where through the purple twilights
Moved shadows to and fro.
I see the tall white chimneys,
The windows small and old,
Which in the flaming sunsets
Seemed turned to burning gold.

Around it grew tall maples,
With rustling, creaking limbs,
Where, in the summer evenings,
The birds sang vesper hymns.
Within its oaken doorway
Stretched wide a stately hall,
Where massively-framed pictures
Hung on the paneled wall.

Each silent room is haunted
By visions that have fled;
The voices of its tenants
Have long ago been dead.
But still the ancient farm-house
Stands on the hillside green,
And bright the summer sunshine
Gleams on the peaceful scene.

Under the mossy windows
The Bouncing Bettles grew,
White Lilacs and Sweet Williams,
And Roses wine-drenched with dew.
What footsteps there have lingered
Beside the open door,
Or paced 'mid dreaming fancies
That even sanded floor!

A burst of childish voices
Comes to me in my dreams;
The silent, dim old mansion
With life and laughter teems.
I catch a glimpse of grandma
Beside her spinning wheel;
A host of memories follow
The flashing of her reel.

Gay pastimes there have wakened
The ghosts in by-gone years;
I hear a burst of laughter,
I feel a mist of tears.
With mirth of "bees" and dances
The rafters there have rung;
There rose the prayer of worship
When holy hymns were sung.

While Waiting for the Train

AMONG the dreariest of all places that serve a useful end in our complex civilization must be counted the railway-stations in country communities. Smoky and disagreeable by day, they are yet more distressing by night. The commercial traveler and the itinerant preacher could tell many a tale of weary hours spent in waiting for belated trains amid the discomforts of these dingy little buildings. The experience was not a new one to Mr. Hadley, and he settled down to wait for the eleven-thirty train, which was to take him from one logging camp to another, fatigued, but not discouraged. He had held a little evening meeting, attended by no unusual event, had packed his baby organ and got it to the station, and now had two and a half hours to wait, if the train was on time.

For a while he had the station to himself. The night operator had drawn down the window, and if he dozed behind it the waiting missionary did not know it. There was no sound save the occasional click-click of the telegraph instrument. There were no loafers, no smoke, no profanity. The dirty stove did its duty reasonably well; the blackened lamp gave forth too little light to read, but did not greatly pollute the atmosphere. And so the situation was far from being intolerable.

Somewhat after ten o'clock the proprietor of the Polka Dot Saloon locked up the place, and went to the station to meet his wife. There would be a good while to wait, but tonight he would rather wait and hink of her than stay in the saloon. There are such times in the lives of men, and this was a time when the owner of the saloon was inclined to think of other

things than the saloon suggested. He did not admit it at the time, but he remembered afterward that he knew the preacher was waiting for the train, and he hoped he would find him alone. It was the saloon man who opened the conversation, and he suggested that the preacher unpack his organ and sing.

"I do not think I could furnish the music you would enjoy," replied Mr. Hadley.

"I get awfully tired of the things I hear round the saloon," said the barkeeper. "I'd like to hear something else occasionally." So Mr. Hadley unpacked the organ, and sang.

"I used to know those songs," said the saloon keeper. "My mother was a good woman. She brought me up to do right. But I got up here in the woods, and found I could make money faster selling whisky than chopping down trees, and here I am. But when I think of my children, who are growing up to feel the disgrace of it and to meet the temptations of it, I wish I was out of it."

Then and there they made a covenant. The liquor-dealer promised God and the minister that he would leave that business.

The eleven-thirty train whistled; the organ was hurriedly repacked. The saloon-keeper carried it to the baggage-car, and bade the minister farewell. A moment the preacher took the hands of husband and wife, as she alighted from the incoming train, and then the cars moved, and the minister got on board.

Before the time for his next visit to that camp the young preacher had gone a longer journey. Still young and eager, he laid down his life where his work had been, his death caused by exposure on his hard journeys. Fame shall never know his work. But in ten years he organized two

hundred and fifty Sunday-schools, preached in hundreds of logging-camps, and left in many a brightened home and life an imperishable memory.

Among those who cherish his memory are the husband and wife whose hands he clasped for a moment as the train moved on. — *Youth's Companion*.

A Gentle Call

SOMETIMES the Christian life begins very simply, especially with the young. Among those who have been under good influences in the home, the church, the Sunday school, and have been living sweet and gentle lives, free from grosser forms of evil, it is unreasonable to expect any violent "experience" or marked change in the outward manner of living. Failing to recognize this fact, many parents continue to wrestle with the Lord in prayer for the conversion of their children long after the change has really taken place; while the children and young people themselves, on account of the same mistaken impression, continue long in strong efforts and deep, unsatisfied longings to become Christians after God has indeed accepted them and they are actually living devotedly in His service.

It is well for us all to recognize how simply and quietly the Christian life sometimes begins.

A thoughtful girl of sixteen years, living in the country at a distance from the church, which made attendance irregular, read, on a Sunday, the memoir of a Christian woman. On closing the volume, she said to herself: "That was a beautiful life." And after a little thought, she added: "And I should like to live such a life." A few minutes later she knelt down and said: "Lord, I will try from this time." The decision was made. She went on steadily, and is still a useful and influential Christian woman, honored and beloved, and widely known for her beautiful and devoted character. — *G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.*

MISTAKEN PIGEON-HOLES

KATE S. GATES.

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"

"HE would have made a first-class farmer, but he is hardly a fourth-rate lawyer," said one gentleman to another, speaking of a friend.

"Got into the wrong pigeon hole, has he?" was the reply. "Well, there are hosts of others in the same fix. Reminds me of a story I once heard. A renowned archaeologist appeared one day, his face adorned with various cuts and scratches. "It is surprising," he said, in reply to the inquiries of his friends, "but I was shaved this morning by a man I have reason to think is considered by all above the ordinary barber. He took a double first class at Oxford — that I know; also I am sure he is a frequent contributor to some of our best scientific periodicals."

"He may be all that," was the response, "but he is an exceedingly poor barber."

"I cannot dispute you," replied the scholar; "I shaved myself."

It has been said that genius is an im-

mense capacity for taking pains, but one must exercise discretion in one's efforts. Doing one's best is the true measure of success; but it must be the best of which one is capable. "Raphael must not whitewash cellar walls for a living."

"If you do not get the gold medal, you may get the silver," said a friend to a young fellow about to engage in the inter-collegiate games.

"I never try for the second prize," was the quick response.

But, alas! how many there are in the world who never outgrow the first tiny pigeon-hole they find themselves in!

"You have no right to find fault with my looks. I'm just as God made me!"

"I know it," was the reply of the friendly critic, "that is what I am blaming you for — you've never made any improvement on yourself."

It was the one who retained just what his lord gave him who was adjudged an unprofitable servant. Progress and improvement are the duty of everybody. The glory of living, General Armstrong was wont to say, was doing what couldn't be done. The object of life is to grow, and that means that one must do his very best in everything he undertakes.

"If I were a cobbler, I would make it my pride

The best of all cobblers to be;

If I were a tinker, no tinker beside

Should mend an old kettle like me."

And tomorrow's standard should always be higher than today's.

But, it must be remembered, there are many weary ones doing patiently and faithfully their uncongenial tasks. There are merchants who should have been artists or poets; there are men toiling with their hands to support dear ones when every inclination is scholarly. The choice of life-work was denied them by force of circumstances; but who can doubt but that God will gratify their longings in the better life beyond?

Longmeadow, Mass.

The Wafted Leaf

A PILGRIM was wandering thirsty, almost famished, in the desert. He had lost his bearings. He had a compass in his hand, but knew not whether its needle pointed toward a place of rest and refreshment, or to a spot on which he must lie down to die. He was utterly in despair. Turn which way he would, he seemed to be wandering farther and farther away from hope. He had sunk down in the sand, resolved to meet his fate, when a little green leaf came, wafted by a passing breeze, and fell at his feet. He picked it up, and a new hope took possession of his heart. The leaf could not have come from far, for it was still fresh. Where it came from there was water, with shade and food. He knew the direction, too, for the breeze had borne it to his feet. So with the little leaf in his feverish hand, he arose and hurried away toward the spot whence it had come. Soon he was resting in the shelter of wide spreading branches, and quenching his thirst at the spring which flowed at the tree's roots.

There are times when our hearts are in spiritual unrest, their joy all gone. We are almost in despair, not knowing whither to turn, or what to do, to find rest. Then a little leaf flutters down to us from the

Word of God. It is green and fresh. The dews of life are on it. It has not come far, and it tells of life, rest, and joy where it grew. We have but to rise out of our weariness and faintness, and hasten a little way, to find a glad resting place and a shelter in the bosom of God's love. — *Selected.*

A WOOD LYRIC

Into the stilly woods I go,
Where the shades are deep and the wind-
flowers blow,
And the hours are dreamy and lone and
long,
And the power of silence is greater than
song.

Into the stilly woods I go,
Where the leaves are cool and the wind-
flowers blow.

When I go into the stilly woods,
And know all the flowers in their sweet,
shy hoods,
The tender leaves in their shimmer and
sheen

Of darkling shadow, diaphanous green,
In those haunted halls where my footstep
falls,

Like one who enters cathedral walls,
A spirit of beauty floods over me,
As over a swimmer the waves of the sea,
That strengthens and glories, refreshes
and fills,

Till all mine inner heart awakens and
thrills

With a new and a glad and a sweet de-
light,

And a sense of the infinite out of sight,
Of the great unknown that we may not
know,

But only feel with an inward glow
When into the great, glad woods we go.

O life worn brothers, come with me
Into the wood's hushed sanctity,
Where the great, cool branches are heavy
with June,

And the voices of summer are strung in
tune!

Come with me, O heart out-worn,
Or spirit whom life's brute-struggles have
torn,

Come, tired and broken and wounded feet,
Where the walls are greening, the floors
are sweet,

The roofs are breathing and heaven's airs
meet.

— *Wilfred Campbell.*

The Face in the Basement

"FORTY years ago she was one of New York's most brilliant women. At the great ball given in honor of the Prince of Wales, in 1860, she was whirled through the dance in the richest jewels and brocade, the admired of all who saw her. Her husband was a diamond merchant then; now he is a drunkard and worse!"

The good man paused in his story. "There," he said, putting some silver into the deaconess' hands, "get some ice and flowers and go to the old hotel on L — Street. She's in the basement."

The deaconess found the woman sick and alone on a bed under the heating pipes of the hotel. There was little air and less light.

"What are you here for?" she snapped as her visitor came in. The deaconess laid a cool bag of ice on her hot forehead and put some roses into her hands and went away. She returned often in the following weeks, never saying much, but always performing some kindly ministry.

In spite of her pride the woman began to

look eagerly for her coming and at last allowed herself to be moved to a cottage where she was more comfortable. Her anger and disappointment with life persisted, however, and love seemed to find no entrance into her embittered heart. For two years the deaconess visited her and provided for her needs. At last the walls fell and the citadel was won. Jesus entered and all things became new.

"It was your face," the woman said, "so like the face of Jesus, coming to me in the basement. And I had to go all that way of poverty and disgrace to recognize the Face. I never would have believed you if you had come to me in a mansion. But in a basement! I had to believe when you came to me there." — *Selected.*

A HOLIDAY BAZAAR

HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

"HOW would it do to call it a Holiday Bazaar, and have each table represent one of our national holidays?" The speaker's knitted brows smoothed a little as she was speaking, while her listener's face brightened.

"Dorothy, you must be inspired!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "Visions of all sorts of possibilities dance before my eyes, even now. I have been saying, all day, that a suggestion was all that I needed. The fair will be a success — I know it will! All we need is helpers; we'll furnish ideas."

Maisie Earle encircled Dorothy's slim waist with an arm and whirled her around the room until both were dizzy. Then they sat down, side by side, and began to plan. A month later the result of their planning had resolved itself into one of the most successful fairs ever held in the city.

A Holiday Bazaar it was in every sense of the word. There were eight tables to represent the eight most important national holidays of the year. On entering the chapel (for it was a church fair), the first table which met the view was that representing Independence Day. The decorations were American flags and bunting. Two large flags draped like a curtain outlined the front of the booth, and the four posts supporting the framework itself, were twined with red, white and blue bunting, in the midst of which, over the top, was a placard, the letters of which, outlined with fire-crackers, spelled "Fourth of July." This was the candy table; and, as far as possible, the color scheme was carried out in the candies displayed. The attendant at this table was a typical Johnnie Bull, and his able corps of assistants were young ladies attired in the national colors.

Next came the table representing St. Patrick's Day. Here the decorations were Irish flags and shamrocks. The two flags, one of which displayed the Harp of Erin upon its green folds, were at either end of the booth, while across the top and down the front hung white crepe paper dotted with scores of shamrocks in green and gold. The posts were twined with green and white, and the pretty Irish girl who presided was a typical daughter of Erin even to her brogue. There were dolls galore at this table. It might with truth have been called a table of national dolls, so many nations were represented. A great deal of thought had

been given to studying up costumes, and picturesque Italian and Portuguese dolls jostled prim little Dutch maidens, Chinese and Japanese ladies, quaintly clad Alaskans, and giddy French and Spanish belles; while perhaps the dearest dolls of all were some little Puritan Priscillas. This table was a halting-place which all were loth to leave, and few went away without a doll.

Next came the Christmas table, which was conspicuously placed, and was presided over by a veritable Santa Claus, who went and came "with reindeer and sleigh." The reindeer were two antic little boys skillfully concealed by reindeer skins surmounted by branching antlers. This table, too, was a gem. Crepe paper profusely decorated with holly and mistletoe and quantities of tinsel draped top and sides; the posts were twined with red and white; while a placard over the top, beneath sprigs of holly, blazed "Merry Christmas" in red and gold. At this table all kinds of fancy work suitable for Christmas gifts was for sale.

Thanksgiving Day had two tables—one containing groceries, preserves, pickles, cereals, vegetables, such as squashes, cabbages, pumpkins; while the other displayed all sorts of tempting viands in the shape of cooked foods, such as bread, pies, cake, doughnuts and cookies. The decorations at both of these tables were yellow, and both had a conspicuous placard labeled Thanksgiving Day, with the suggestive picture of a turkey perched above it. These tables were presided over by old-time matrons in common work-day attire.

In the centre of the chapel, directly under the chandelier, was the Easter table, in lavender and white. A dove with spread wings was suspended from the top of the booth, holding in its bill a placard marked Easter, and from this placard fluttered scores of dainty handkerchiefs, for this was the handkerchief table, and was presided over by young ladies in white, each of whom wore an Easter lily.

One of the most attractive booths, to some, was the one representing Washington's Birthday. This had continental blue for its decorations. The posts were twined with blue crepe paper showing an edge of white, and amid the festoons draping the top was an old-fashioned painting of Washington mounted upon his horse. Domestic goods were here displayed by a stately Martha Washington.

The ice-cream booth represented Bunker Hill Day. The decorations were pink and white, hanging in festoons from chandeliers and twining the pillars. A large painting of the Battle of Bunker Hill was above the door leading to this room where the ice-cream was served, and little boys in Continental costumes dispensed the cream.

"Tired?" asked Dorothy, as she and Maisie were wending their way homeward after this most successful sale.

"Yes, of course I'm tired, but I'd be willing to be just as tired every night, for the sake of this," laughed Maisie, as she jingled the box containing the three hundred dollars which the venture had brought them.

Waltham, Mass.

The Doctor was Out

SHE was a maid who had been with the doctor for years, says *Lippincott's*, and the habitual expressions of those years could not be easily laid aside.

When the doctor died she remained at the house. An old friend of the doctor, who had been abroad and had not heard of his death, called and was admitted.

"I would like to see Dr. H.," he said.

"I'm sorry," said the maid, "but the doctor is dead!"

Stricken by this dread intelligence, the visitor sat silent for some minutes.

After waiting some time the maid ventured timidly:

"Will you—will you—wait?"

Which?

WHEN the late Senator Wolcott first went to Colorado, he and his brother opened a law office at Idaho Springs under the firm name of "Ed Wolcott & Bro." Later this partnership was dissolved. The future senator packed his few assets, including the sign that had hung outside of his office, upon a burro and started for Georgetown, a mining town farther up in the hills. Upon his arrival

he was greeted by a crowd of miners who critically surveyed him and his outfit. One of them, looking first at his sign that hung over the pack, then at Wolcott, and finally at the donkey, ventured, "Say, stranger, which of you is Ed?"—*Boston Transcript*.

A Sea Turn

THE artist who had found Marshby full of "paintable" places and friendly people was much attracted by one of the young women of the village, whom he met at a social gathering.

He asked and was accorded permission to escort her home from a little party one evening, and as the evening was mild and the moon was shining, they lingered at her gate for a few minutes' conversation.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a hoarse shout which came from an open window of the little house:

"Cast off that painter! Cast off that painter!"

The artist started as if he had been shot, but the young woman gave him a reassuring smile and a becoming blush.

"It's—it's just father dreaming," she said, softly. "He's a retired sea captain, and often talks in his sleep."—*Selected*.

The Girl That Wasn't Wanted

KATE UPSON CLARK.

CHAPTER X

A Catamount and Others

"IT is one of old Perrin's stories," continued Robert, after a moment's pause. "I haven't thought of it for an age. You see, Marianna," as he marked her inquiring look, "you probably do not know that I spent two summers—last year and year before—up at a boys' camp in New Hampshire. We used to take long trips among the hills, and we were always coming across this man Perrin. He was a tall, gaunt fellow—looked as if he were made of wire—and he had spent all his life in hunting and trapping and guiding up there in the mountains. He told us loads of yarns, but I can't remember them all. This one made a great impression on me.

"Of course Perrin had killed wildcats and foxes and coons and bears by the score—and he had a story to tell about nearly every one. Some thought the yarns were true—and some thought not. Anyhow, they were interesting.

"One afternoon, a party of people came to Perrin's house, just at the foot of Chocoma, and wanted him to take them right up the mountain. He told them that it was three o'clock then—which was much too late; they couldn't possibly get up there and back before dark. But they were bound to go. It was the only chance they would have, and they had heard so much about the view, and they 'would pay anything he said,' and they 'weren't afraid a bit, with him to guide them.'

"He argued with them, and refused to be responsible for the consequences, but he was finally persuaded to go.

"It was a beautiful, clear, crisp day, just right for mountain climbing. They knew that much, Perrin said, and that was about all they did know on the subject. There were two women and three or four men—all old enough to understand that three o'clock in the afternoon is no time to begin the ascent of a rough old peak like 'Corway,' as he always called it. Beside,

they kept getting out of breath and had to go awfully slow."

"Mother," interrupted Kirk, "is it correct to say 'had to go slow'?" Kirk never lost a chance to pick a flaw in Robert's grammar, since Robert required so much in that line from poor Max and others.

"Well, you wouldn't have me say, 'had to go fastly,' would you?" retorted Robert, who took others' criticism with a bad grace, though he was always surprised when they resented his.

"There is no such word as 'fastly,'" his mother reminded him.

"It belongs with all of that long-disputed list," said Mr. Curry. "Some say, 'I feel bad,' others, 'I feel badly.' You can't say, 'I feel hotly,' or 'I feel anxiously.' The line is drawn very loosely among those words—and if we are going into that, we shall never come to the catamount."

"Oh, for pity's sake, cut it out!" begged Max, who hated everything connected with correct language, and pitied Robert's weakness in that respect. "Get along to the catamount!"

"So," continued Robert, "they never reached the top of the mountain until six o'clock. The view was grand—Perrin said he never saw it finer—and it was almost impossible to get the people away from it. They would stand oh-ing and ah-ing over it long after Perrin told them that it was time to start back.

"It was seven o'clock before they had fairly turned their faces toward home. It was late in August, and the twilight was coming on fast as they scrambled over the ticklish rocks up there. It is hard enough, on Perrin's side of the hill, to get over those rocks in broad daylight.

"Of course, by the time they reached the thick woods, it was dark. Old Perrin went ahead with his lantern, and they came trooping along after him as close as they could get. Some of them were laughing and talking, but most of them were too

nervous to talk, and screeched and exclaimed at every little thing. They were really scared half to death, just as he had told them they would be, only they would not believe him. They had, of course, no idea of the wildness and loneliness of those woods after nightfall.

"It's an awful thing," old Perrin used always to put in the story here, 'to find yourself in the lone woods 'way up on Corway when the night comes on. They're all alive with bears—and sometimes there is wolves—and noises! Good land! There's noises that no human man can't never account for! I don't know what makes 'em—nor never did—but they make a feller's blood 'most stop running.' That's the way he talks."

Max's face was by this time as white as a sheet.

"Well, when old Perrin saw that they were almost on the point of a panic, he tried to chirk them up as best he could, with jokes and little stories, but he had to be keeping a pretty keen lookout all the while, for there wasn't a gun in the party and nobody had a knife except himself. He always carries one in a leather sheath at his side.

"All of a sudden, when he was spying around, trying to talk and laugh at the same time, he saw, as plain as day, a pair of glaring bright eyes looking down from a tree far above him. He knew well enough what they were. They were the eyes of a catamount."

Robert paused an instant.

"Oh, misery! Do go ahead!" groaned Max.

"You might let me get my breath," pleaded Robert. "Well, as I was saying, he hadn't any gun, and he didn't dare to say a word about what he had seen, for fear of plunging the whole party into a panic. So he led them right along as fast as he could, just as if he hadn't seen anything at all. He tried to laugh and joke harder than ever—but his eyes were wide open for the catamount, you'd better believe. He knew that as long as the talk was good and loud, the creature wouldn't spring. Catamounts and a good many other wild beasts are kept off more or less by noise. Perrin used to say that if you whooped at just the right time, even in a bear's face, you could make him turn tail and trot away. Now there was such a fierce gleam in this fellow's eyes, and his tail was going so hard, that Perrin saw he was the fiercest kind, and if there should be a real still time in the party that he would spring—and you know a catamount is a terrible thing among ladies, to say nothing about gentlemen."

"Oh, don't stop for moral reflections!" sniffed Kirk. "What we want to know is, did he spring?"

"You are always trying to hurry the story," reproved Robert, aggravatingly. "It has to go just so, or else it is spoiled."

Everybody sat breathless, and he continued:

"The party went on, starting at every twig that crackled under their feet, and Perrin laughing and talking and making the rest as noisy as he could, and all the while hearing the great branches give and sway above his head, as the big catamount jumped from one tree to another, trying to keep up with the party. It was all Perrin could do to watch him, without having the rest see what he was doing. He didn't know what would happen if those women should once catch sight of those terrible eyes.

"It seemed two hours from the time he first spotted the 'varmint' until they got out into the open—though it could really have been only a short hour. It is a good

deal easier, you know, to go down hill than it is to go up; and, just before they came out from the woods, his son met them, carrying a gun and a lantern. He had begun to get worried about them, and had thought maybe they needed help. He was about twenty years old, and a splendid shot. We used to see him often.

"Well, this son had come just in the nick of time. The catamount was in the last of the big trees and was wiggling for another spring, which would have brought him down close by them, when a ray from Perrin's lantern fell full on him, and the whole party saw him in a flash.

"Perrin dropped his lantern so quick and hard that it went out, but the other lantern helped him through. He seized that gun—it was already loaded—sighted the beast for just a quarter of a second, aimed right between his eyes, and down he fell, exactly at the feet of one of the ladies. Of course she fainted dead away"—

"Of course!" echoed Kirk, with an air of ineffable scorn.

"And, as soon as she was brought to and heard how the catamount had been leaping along through the tree-tops right above her head, almost ever since they had entered the woods, she fainted away again, and the other one went into hysterics"—

"As women always do!" murmured Kirk.

"Kirk, your father and I must find some way of punishing you if you keep on with these insulting remarks about women," cried Mrs. Curry. "This is something new," she explained to Marianna. "I have never heard the boys talk so about women until lately. Why, Kirk, I have never fainted in my life, and neither has Mrs. Wellman."

"Neither have I," rejoined Marianna, with some heat.

"You must remember," counseled Mrs. Curry, who had been for some time waiting for this opportunity, "that girls and women have the disadvantage of a much less comfortable and healthful mode of dress than men. Some time, as civilization progresses, they will be able to wear their clothes as loose and light as men do, and men themselves will be more reasonably dressed. But now conservative men will not like nor go with girls and women who are not dressed in the prevailing fashion. To dress in the fashion makes all but very strong women weak and ailing. Luckily, women are now allowed to be thoroughly educated, which has never been generally true in any age or country before now; and truth and light must follow education. It isn't their sex which makes women such feeble, timid things—it is their circumstances and training; and I rely upon you, boys, as you grow older, to do all you can to make these circumstances better. Remember, both Marianna and I will take directly to ourselves all the remarks that you make, ridiculing girls and women. Now just don't do it any more."

Max had listened to his mother's impassioned little speech with ill concealed impatience. Now he burst in with: "And what did they do then? Was the catamount good and dead?"

"You bet he was," continued Robert, who had really been impressed by his mother's words, and snuggled up to her side a little more lovingly. "But those folks never slept a wink all that night. They stayed at Perrin's house, you see. He used to keep people there, and his wife was a dandy cook. He showed us a splendid rifle they gave him. There was a little silver plate on it, which had an inscription—something about his pluck and presence of mind and their owing their lives to his skill, and all that. He said he guessed they never would set out again to climb a

rough old mountain like Chocorua, on the verge of sunset."

"Oh, my! I wisht I'd a been there!" sighed Max. "How big was he, Robert?"

"I can't just remember, but I think it was about fifty pounds or so."

"I do wisht I'd been there!" moaned the little boy. "I could a been a lot o' help hollerin'."

"I guess you could, great cry-baby!" laughed Robert.

This thrust came near fetching tears, and Mrs. Curry hurried to break into the conversation with: "It is my turn now, I believe, and I have a little story that Aunt Teresa told me last week, which may amuse you.

"You know that my grandfather's family lived in a college town. Of course, when Commencement time came around each year a great crowd filled the little village. Aunt Teresa and her three sisters were always obliged then to move out from their comfortable rooms and give them up to visitors. The attic was considered quite good enough for girls on such occasions.

"In the attic there was but one bedstead. Two girls could sleep in this. The other two had to put up with a mattress on the floor. The two girls who could get to bed first naturally took possession of the bedstead. The other two 'got left,' as you boys say, and had to make the best of the hard floor.

"Aunt Teresa and her sister Olive were the two oldest girls, and therefore felt that they had the best right to the bedstead. When they retired one Commencement night they found that Jessie and Emma, the two younger sisters, had stolen a march on them, and were apparently fast asleep in the comfortable big bed. Their eyelids twitched, and Aunt Teresa knew they were no more asleep than she was, but she and Aunt Olive had to be contented, just the same, with the hard old mattress.

"In the middle of the night there was a loud report, almost like a gun. It was soon discovered that the cord in the old-fashioned bedstead had given way, and the sleepy girls on it grumbled and scolded as they felt themselves sinking down, down, down. The older ones laughed quietly to themselves when they found what had happened. 'The greedy things have been paid for their selfishness,' they thought; but they never said a word.

"I shall not soon forget," Aunt Teresa said, in conclusion, 'how those girls looked in the morning, when we woke up. They had lain awake half the night, and they were naturally tired enough to sleep almost any way, but you never saw two more uncomfortable looking creatures. There they were, sleeping away soundly, doubled up like the letter V, with their feet as high as their heads!'

Val had trudged off, at the end of Robert's story, and was picking a few late raspberries on the edge of the woods, about forty rods away, but in plain sight of them all. Just as Mrs. Curry was finishing her story, Marianna started up with a slight scream. Then, in a strained and unnatural voice, she said rapidly: "Don't be frightened. I think I can manage everything. Don't try to help me—only when Val starts to come toward you, beat on the tin pail, with a stone, as hard as you can. Don't forget it for anything! Keep beating hard on the tin pail till I ask you to stop!"

As she spoke she emptied from the pail some water which had been brought from the spring, threw the pail into Mrs. Curry's lap and ran, "with all her dead might," as Max afterwards described it to the Mellows boy, toward Val and the woods.

Continued next week

OUR BOOK TABLE

A SOLDIER OF CONSCIENCE. By Mrs. Kate Upson Clark. The Eagle Press: Brooklyn. Price, \$1, net.

A brief memorial sketch of Edward Perkins Clark (born Oct. 21, 1847; died, Feb. 16, 1903), prepared by the loving hand of his wife. It is a rare life that is outlined for us in these pages — the life of a journalist of high ability, who, beginning with the *Springfield Republican* in 1870, and closing with eighteen years on the staff of the *New York Evening Post*, did yeoman service in behalf of whatsoever was for the public good. The thoroughness with which he did his work, and the persistency with which he held to his ideals, are worthy of all praise. She who knew him best and who lived with him in blissful harmony and hearty co-operation for nearly thirty years, bears public testimony to his being "one of the noblest, purest, most unselfish men that ever lived." And others, in this volume, a great host of distinguished names, bear similar witness to his great qualities and splendid services. It is good that such men should be widely known. Their memory will be an inspiration to others.

LETTERS TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS ON THE GREAT TRUTHS OF OUR CHRISTIAN FAITH. By Henry Churchill King, President of Oberlin College. The Pilgrim Press: Boston. Price, \$1, net.

These letters, twelve in number, are reprinted from the *Pilgrim Teacher*, and essay to put before young people in a familiar way, without theological language, some of the fundamental matters which pertain to the religion of Jesus. They are every way admirable and valuable. Particularly excellent is the presentation of the Christian life as a friendship, which runs through nearly half the book. Three chapters take up effectively the "Conditions of Deepening Acquaintance with God." The author says that any high friendship is much more an unconscious growth than it is a work of conscious arrangement; yet, of course, we must fulfill the conditions if we want the result. We are not to expect continuous emotion. The main factor is association. No acquaintance can become deep without much time being given. "For myself I am sure that nothing has been worth so much to me in my own life as the times when I have been able to stay face to face with God in the Word for three or four hours at a stretch, taking opportunity really to get down into the great truths and to get some glimpse of the great revelations of God." There can be no growing Christian life without a regular use of the Bible. There must also be expression. It is a psychological law that what is not expressed dies. We must seek to please the Lord in little things; this is the best test of true love. We must show gratitude, share burdens, make sacrifice. We must be on our guard against slight occasions of estrangement. "The complaining spirit cuts the very root of a possible deepening friendship with God, and is to be recognized as one of the deadliest enemies of a true and joyful and peaceful Christian life. It is not a small sin nor a small danger." We deepen our acquaintance with God, also, through seeing what others have received from Him.

THE SIN OF GEORGE WARRENER. By Marie Van Vorst. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

This book is positively maddening and every way unmitigatedly exasperating. Not but what it is well written, and shows a deep insight into a certain sort of female human nature. It is a study of a peculiar type of woman, but a type which, we hope, is very uncommon. The man, at least, we are sure, is very rarely seen. It is he chiefly who sets our teeth on edge and stirs

up our bile to the boiling point. He is such a softy, so extremely weak, a mere slave to the woman who has a pretty face and a horrible soul, who is the perfect incarnation of utter selfishness, without a particle of love for him, using him as her fond dupe to further her wicked schemes, which he never for a moment suspects, though they are evident to everybody else. He is a blind toiler at his desk, giving strength, honor, everything, in the vain endeavor to satisfy her greed for self indulgence, which is totally conscienceless and foolish. He suspects nothing, resents nothing, is twisted around her finger like a rag, and even after he has accidentally had her perfidy thrust into his face, he still clings to her helplessly and has no power to break the toils. She is his sin and his ruin. He is her mock and her bondman. There is no lesson of any sort to be drawn from the story.

MAKING MEN AND WOMEN. A Handbook for Junior Workers. By Emma A. Robinson. Jennings & Graham: Cincinnati. Price, 75 cents, net.

A practical, helpful manual, with workable plans and methods by the general superintendent of Junior League work. The thought of the author has been to give, not so much definite formulas as general principles, leaving the details in most cases to be worked out by the individual concerned. The aim has been to make the book useful to pastors and Sunday-school teachers and mothers, as well as to Junior League superintendents. It covers the ground very fully, seems to be marked by good judgment, and cannot fail to be very valuable.

THE PRINCIPLES OF WEALTH AND WELFARE. Economics for High Schools. By Charles Lee Roper, Ph. D., Professor of Economics, University of North Carolina. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, \$1.10.

Not an exhaustive, but, rather, an elementary discussion of the more important principles involved in the consumption, production, and distribution of wealth, wealth being regarded as a means to human welfare in all of its manifold aspects. Of course it is material wealth and welfare alone that is considered. But the first page of the book recognizes that religion, as well as the making of a living, is one of the great forces which enter into the life of every human being. The usual topics of production and distribution, labor, land, capital, exchange, commerce, wages, rent, interest, etc., are treated in a judicious, moderate manner.

VISION. By Frank Crane. The Davis Press: Worcester. Price, 75 cents.

The popular preacher at the Union Church has put together in very neat form for his friends and other lovers of stirring verse some forty short poems on a good variety of themes. We have been very much pleased with several of them, which express felicitously helpful religious truth. Some Scripture texts are beautifully illustrated.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE CHRIST. By Prof. Milton S. Terry. Reprinted from the *American Journal of Theology*, April, 1906.

This very outspoken paper begins as follows: "The dogma of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, with its corollary of infallibility and inerrancy, has so extensively leavened the popular mind as to become in some places a positive obstacle in the way of a truly scientific study of the Bible. Its habitual tendency is either to misconceive, to conceal, or to pervert the significance of the undeniable human element in the sacred writings." A similar uncompromising tone is maintained throughout the pages, indicating that the good Professor is in no way intimidated by the many threats and curses pronounced against him in some quarters.

MISSIONS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. A Manual of Methods. By Martha B. Hixson, M. A. Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church: New York. Price, 50 cents, cloth; 35 cents, paper.

Dr. J. T. McFarland and Marion Lawrence both write introductions praising the book. So what more need be said? It will certainly be found helpful. There are chapters on "Giving," "Prayer," "The Library," "Mission Study," "Map and Chart," "Work," "Missionary Exercises," etc. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the great importance of organizing the Sunday schools into missionary societies and working them vigorously in this direction. The pastor who neglects it, or the superintendent who opposes it, have much to answer for. An extensive list of literature is given in an appendix by Miss Hixson. She seems, however, to be entirely unaware that the very Missionary Society which publishes her book has already published two books on the subject by Dr. James Mudge — "The Pastor's Missionary Manual," and "The Sunday-school Missionary Speaker." Their titles are not given.

CHRISTUS REDEMPTOR. An Outline Study of the Island World of the Pacific. By Helen Barrett Montgomery. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents, net.

The sixth in the well-known series of text-books for the united study of missions, prepared under the direction of the central committee of the Woman's Missionary Societies, and written mostly by women. More than a quarter of a million of these books have been sold, which certainly speaks well for their high character and also for the growing interest on the subject. The present volume is in all respects worthy to stand beside the others, and appears to be very carefully prepared, accurate, and fair in all its statements.

Magazines

— The *Methodist Review Quarterly* is the way we must now read the title of the chief official publication of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the July number of which — the first edited by Dr. Gross Alexander — will be warmly greeted. It is a very excellent number, with ten contributed articles, beginning with a review of Dr. Curtis' "The Christian Faith," by T. H. Lipscomb, and closing with "A Statement of the Faith of World-Wide Methodism," by Dean W. F. Tillet. The latter occupies no less than 38 pages and will be read with great interest. The new editor introduces, besides the change of title, two other new features: He gives, in a special department, brief comments, by way of introduction, on each contributed article, and he appends to the book notices the names of the writers. The editor does the most of this work, but we note, also, the names of James Mudge, Thomas Carter, and S. M. Godbey. (Smith & Lamar: Nashville, Tenn.)

— The *World Today* for August has a number of articles of more than common interest. The "New State of Oklahoma" is thoroughly set forth by Grant Foreman. "Roosevelt's Successes and Failures" in the late session of Congress and its legislation are described with a friendly bias by Charles M. Harvey. "The Work of the Anti-Saloon League" is favorably reviewed by W. Frank McClure; and William Hard shows one way, at least, in which Socialists are made, reporting a Socialist lawyer's account of the mental processes of his conversion. In addition to all these we have sketches of "Paul Reinsch," "Gregory Maxime," "Farming without Water," "A Holiday in Tahiti," and "A Year at Panama under Stevens." (World Today Company: Chicago.)

— The August number of *Recreation* starts out with an illustrated article by Capt. Homer W. Hedge on "Aeronautics in America," discussing its slow but sure development and its significance in the realm of amateur sport. Eugene Parsons, describing "Gen. Zebulon Pike, Explorer," claims, with good show of reason, that he had more to do with the opening of the West to settlement than has been commonly understood. Other stirring contribu-

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tions are: "The Revival of Archery," "Prospecting for Woodcock," "Learning to Swim," "Hunting Western Caribou," and "Indians as Guides." (William E. Annis: 23 W. 24th St., New York.)

— *Out West* for August devotes a good share of its pages to "The Conquest of the Desert," by George Baker Anderson. The "Santa Fe Reading rooms," "King's River Canyon," and "A Summer in the Mountains," read well. There is also a sketch, with portrait, of M. Theo. Kearney, under the heading, "A Benefactor of the State." He was the chief raisin-grower of Fresno, California, and, though greatly opposed in his far-sighted, beneficent plans for the interests of his fellow cultivators, and much misunderstood while living, his sudden death, last year, revealing the fact that he has left his entire fortune, amounting to nearly a million dollars, for the benefit of the raisin-growers, has materially changed their opinion of him, and posterity is likely to give him full vindication. (*Out West*: Los Angeles, Cal.)

— The *August Chautauquan* is devoted mainly to a fully illustrated "Reading Journey through Palestine," by Dr. Shailer Mathews. Alice Hill Chittenden describes the origin and significance of the "Academic Cap, Gown, and Hood." (Chautauqua Press: Chautauqua, N. Y.)

— *St. Nicholas* for August opens with a good story called "The Wars of the Roses," but there is no hint in it of English history. It is running just now four serials — "The Crimson Sweater," "From Sioux to Susan," "The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln," and "Pinkey Perkins," but it finds room, as usual, for many other good things. (Century Company: New York.)

— *Farming* for August has, for its frontispiece, a Holstein bull, and for its principal articles, "Clearing Land with Dynamite," "Harvesting the Small Grain," "Cheap Farms near New York," and "Concreting on the Farm." (Doubleday, Page & Co.: New York.)

— The *August Missionary Review*, as is fitting, gives considerable space to a report, by Dr. E. M. Bliss, of the 23d session of the International Missionary Union, now for so long most hospitably entertained at Cliff on Springs, and so widely known as a very useful and inspiring gathering. Dr. Pierson writes editorially on "Moral Darkness in the Dark Continent." Other topics ably treated are: "The Evangelization of Sicily," "China's Outlook from Within," "Today in Korea Missions," "The Druzes of Mt. Lebanon," and "Colonization in Malaysia." (Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York.)

— The *August Atlantic Monthly* has among its contributors Ralph Waldo Emerson, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Dallas Lore Sharp (Professor in Boston University), Wendell Phillips Garrison, A. Lawrence Lowell (Professor in Harvard), Henry D. Sedgwick, and Thomas Nelson Page. The paper of Emerson is on Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, and formed part of a lecture. Mrs. Ward's contribution is a poem, "Her Shadow." Other engaging titles are: "A Dissolving View of Punctuation," "The Humor of the Colored Supplement," "The Novels of Mrs. Wharton," "Vulgarity," "Further Adventures of a Yachtsman's Wife." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston.)

— The third number of Vol. I (the August issue) of the *Harford Monthly* has been sent us. It is "a magazine devoted to the good things, the brightest and the best, in our city and its suburbs." It is exceedingly present-

able, and, we should think, might fill a very useful local place.

— The *Critic* for August begins with "The Anglo Saxon Myth," by an American Resident in England. He does not like Englishmen, and thinks Englishmen do not like us, and that the modern gush about cordial relations is mainly insincere. A prefatory note says that the article was "accepted unseen and is presented for what it is worth as the expression of an individual opinion, and without the endorsement of either the editor or the publishers of the *Critic*." We could tell a great deal better what it is worth if we knew the author, who prefers not to be known. Near the close of the number there is treatment of "Three Notable Biographies" — the lives of James Anthony Froude, George Herbert, and Walt Whitman. (*Critic* Company: 27 29 W. 23d St., New York.)

— One of the most significant articles in the *August Bookman* is by the editor, Harry Thurston Peck, who, under the general heading, "Here and There," gives his views on some current topics — and well worth giving they are. He thinks Mr. Roosevelt will be obliged to yield to the practically unanimous demand of his party, and run again for the Presidency. He thinks that the tide of reform has gained an irresistible momentum which will go on and on until it shall have vitally transformed conditions in this country, and that all the sickening work of exposure which has been going on was necessary and will be seen to be fully justified. He thinks that the English have more liking for Americans than dislike of them. The titles of other good articles are: "The Confessions of a Literary Adviser," "The Happy Endings of Some Recent Books," "Richard Strauss, Revolutionist." (Dodd, Mead & Co.: New York.)

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

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Lesson XI --- September 9

JESUS ENTERS JERUSALEM IN TRIUMPH

MATT. 21: 1-17.

TIME. — Sunday morning, April 2, A. D. 30 (a secular day).

PLACES — Bethphage, the Mount of Olives between Bethany and Jerusalem, the city, and the temple.

HOME READINGS. — Monday (Sept. 8), Matt. 21: 1-17. Tuesday — Luke 19: 37-48. Wednesday — John 12: 12-19. Thursday — Psa. 8. Friday — Psa. 118: 19-29. Saturday — John 2: 13-22. Sunday — Rev. 5: 6-14.

GOLDEN TEXT. — "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." — Matt. 21: 9.

That acclaim of the people, taken from the Psalms, was understood to refer to the Messiah, and was so intended. But may we not give it a broader meaning than that, and say it of every one who comes in the name of the Lord? Jesus was sent into the world to do His Father's will and finish His work. On lower missions, to be sure, but just as truly, others are also sent, and they are in the world in the name of the Lord, and the work that they do is appointed unto them. And every man is blessed who so comes, whatever may be his task. If a people are given a righteous ruler, be he president or king, who uses his high office to advance the kingdom of God among men, they may well cry out: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" If a city is given a mayor, or a State a governor, who sets his face against corruption and vice, the people should give thanks to God for a servant sent them in His name. And everywhere in the world that men come with the sense of servanthip to the Most High, in business, in courts of justice, in the halls of legislation, in great newspaper offices, in schools, in pulpits, in homes, and everywhere that service is needed, we may feel that there is something of that blessedness which pertained to the coming of Christ.

The Meaning Made Plain

I. *The Fulfillment of Scripture* (Verses 1-5). — 1. When they drew nigh unto Jerusalem — after stopping at Bethany to partake of the feast given in honor of our Lord at the house of Simon the leper. At that feast Jesus had been anointed by Mary, sister of Lazarus. By "they" is meant Jesus and His immediate followers. Were come — "came." Bethany was about two miles from Jerusalem, on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives. Bethphage — "House-of-figs;" possibly a village on the Mount of Olives; perhaps a part of Bethany; perhaps a part of Jerusalem. But from the Talmud one might infer that Bethphage was a more important place than Bethany (Buxtorf). Mark and Luke mention the two places in close connection. The mount of Olives is a hill with three elevated points, which looks down upon Jerusalem, from which it is separated by the valley of Kidron. Then sent Jesus ["then Jesus sent"] two disciples. — It is a natural conjecture that these disciples were Peter and John. (Compare Luke 22: 8.) Evidently it was the deliberate purpose

of Jesus now to enter Jerusalem with public honors as the Messiah.

2. Go into the village [insert "that is"] over against you. — This is generally explained to mean Bethphage. Straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her. — Mark and Luke both say, "a colt tied whereon never man sat." In Eastern lands the ass is of finer quality, and held in higher esteem than with us. In ancient times kings rode upon asses in times of peace, while horses were used for war. Loose them and bring them unto me — without asking permission. Their owner may have been a disciple (compare Mark 11: 4-6), but in any case he would probably have let his asses go for this service without objection; for Jesus was now a public claimant to the Messiahship — in the eyes of the masses as well as of the hierarchy a revolutionist — and the most natural attitude for an Oriental under such circumstances would be, at the most, one of apathetic non-resistance. If success crowned the efforts of the prophet of Nazareth and Galilee, He would certainly reward those who helped Him now; but if He failed, the owner of the asses might plead that they had been forcibly taken.

3. If any man say aught unto you. — Mark tells us what was said. The title "The Lord," while here not necessarily attributing divinity, is one of profound reverence, and would naturally be used of the Messiah. In what sense had Jesus "need" of these animals? "The prophetic reference in verse 4 suggests that the animals were needed to enable Jesus to enter Jerusalem in a manner conformable to prophetic requirements and worthy of the Messianic King" (Bruce).

4. All this was done ["now this is come to pass"]. — Matthew adds this comment, as he often does, to show that even the incidents of our Lord's earthly life were in accordance with the eternal plans of Jehovah. By — "through." The prophet — Zechariah (9: 9). But the apostles themselves did not understand the relation of current events to ancient prophecy until after the ascension of our Lord (John 12: 16).

5. Tell ye the daughter of Zion ["Zion"]. — Here, as was customary with Jewish writers, the citation of the passage is not literal, but is modified to emphasize the phase of meaning desired; Jewish readers would know the precise language of every such quoted text. "The daughter of Zion" is a poetical name for Jerusalem. Behold, thy King cometh unto thee. — The words, "He is just, and having salvation," which come next in the prophecy, are omitted by Matthew. Meek — in Zechariah, "lowly." "There was no pretentiousness in thus riding into Jerusalem. It was rather the meek and lowly One entering in character, and in a character not welcome to the proud, worldly-minded Jerusalemites." Sitting ["riding"] upon an ass, and [insert "upon"] a colt the foal of an ass. — In the Hebrew language there is a variety of names for the ass, suggestive of "the high estimation in which it was held and the many uses to which it was put." Three of these terms are used in this prophecy: sitting upon a *chamôr* (a donkey), an *air* (a young male donkey), the son of an *athôn* (a female donkey). Probably Jesus sat upon the unbroken colt (Mark 11: 2), while the mother donkey walked beside.

II. *The Triumphal Entry* (Verses 6-11). — 6. And the disciples went, and did [insert "even"] as Jesus commanded ["appointed"] them. — Prompt obedience was characteristic of them.

7. And brought the ass, and the colt, and put on them their clothes ["garments"]. — They extemporized a saddle by folding their outer garments. The repeated mention of the two animals is due to the evangelist's desire to show the perfect fulfillment of prophecy. And they set him thereon — "and he sat thereon."

8. A very great multitude ["the most part of the multitude"]. — Some of the throng had come with Jesus from Perea, the province beyond Jordan; others had joined His company at Jericho and Bethany. A few of them were sincere though ignorant believers; many were carried away by the enthusiasm of the rest. Spread their garments in the way — to form a carpet for their newly-accepted Prince. So Sir Walter Raleigh gained his first notice from Queen Elizabeth by throwing down his velvet mantle in the mud for her to tread upon. (Compare 2 Kings 9: 13.) Cut down [omit "down"] branches from the trees — not large branches, but leafy boughs. Neither garments nor branches would improve the road, but the homage was sincerely meant. John tells us (12: 12, 13) that another company came forth from Jerusalem to meet Jesus with waving palm branches, the emblem of victory. They all supposed that Jesus was now about to mount His throne and reign as Messiah; and so He was, but His crown was to be of thorns, and His throne the cross.

9. Insert "him" after "before." Hosanna — a Hebrew phrase, meaning "Save now," used to express adoration; the first words of Psa. 118: 25, "a verse which was sung in procession round the altar at the Feast of Tabernacles and on other occasions. Recognizing the Messiahship of Jesus, the multitude address to Him the strains of their most joyous festival." The son of David. — This was not only a dec-

Good Night's Sleep

No Medicine so Beneficial to Brain and Nerves

Lying awake nights makes it hard to keep awake and do things in day time. To take "tonics and stimulants" under such circumstances is like setting the house on fire to see if you can put it out.

The right kind of food promotes refreshing sleep at night and a wide awake individual during the day.

A lady changed from her old way of eating, to Grape Nuts, and says:

"For about three years I had been a great sufferer from indigestion. After trying several kinds of medicine, the doctor would ask me to drop off potatoes, then meat, and so on, but in a few days that craving, gnawing feeling would start up, and I would vomit everything I ate and drank.

"When I started on Grape Nuts, vomiting stopped, and the bloating feeling which was so distressing disappeared entirely.

"My mother was very much bothered with diarrhea before commencing the Grape Nuts, because her stomach was so weak she could not digest her food. Since using Grape Nuts she is well, and says she don't think she could live without it.

"It is a great brain restorer and nerve builder, for I can sleep as sound and undisturbed after a supper of Grape Nuts as in the old days when I could not realize what they meant by a "bad stomach." There is no medicine so beneficial to nerves and brain as a good night's sleep, such as you can enjoy after eating Grape Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

laration that Jesus was a descendant of David, and rightful heir to his throne; it had come also to be a popular Messianic title. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord—Psa. 118: 26 This psalm was chanted in the temple courts during the passover services. "He that cometh" was another recognized title of the Messiah. Mark and John make interesting additions here. Luke describes the great noise made by the rejoicing multitude. Hosanna in the highest.—"May our hosanna on earth be echoed and ratified in heaven" (Bruce). In their song "speaks the spirit of memory, the spirit of loyalty, the spirit of national pride, the spirit of prophecy, the spirit of hope." The scene of the Triumphal Entry is thus described by Tristram: "Bethany stands in a shallow hollow scooped out of the shoulder of the hill. The path follows this till the descent begins at a turn where the first view of the temple is caught. First appeared the castles and walls of the City of David; and immediately afterward the glittering roof of the temple, and the gorgeous arcade of Herod, with its long range of battlements overhanging the southern edge of Moriah."

10. All the city was moved ["stirred"]—literally, "convulsed." Jerusalem was now crowded with people; it is said that as many as two millions came at the passover season. Most of these had heard of Jesus; many had heard and seen Him. This sudden declaration by Him of His Messiahship was a surprise to all, and would arouse the loyal enthusiasm of some, the fear and hatred of others. Who is this?—A most natural question even on the lips of those to whom Jesus was a familiar figure. He had assumed a new and astounding attitude in entering the Jewish capital as its prince.

11. The multitude ["the multitudes"]—the crowds who were escorting Jesus. Said—answered. This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee ["This is the prophet, Jesus, from Nazareth of Galilee"]—"a circumstantial answer, specifying name, locality, and vocation; spoken with pride. The man to whom we have accorded Messianic honors is a countryman of ours, Jesus, etc."

III. *The Expulsion of the Money Changers* (Verses 12-14).—12. And Jesus went ["entered"] into the temple of God.—This event took place not on Sunday, the day of the triumphal entry, but on Monday. On the first day He looked around the temple, and then went out again to Bethany. On the next day He came again with His disciples and cast out the traders (Mark 11: 11). Once before, apparently, at the beginning of His ministry (John 2: 13-16), He had thus purged the temple, but the abuses had crept in again. Cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, etc.—In the Court of the Gentiles, which was not considered sacred, there was a market for the sale of oxen, sheep, wine, salt, and oil for sacrifice. Worshipers were required to pay all the dues of the sanctuary in Hebrew coin, but most of them brought to Jerusalem Roman, Greek, or Herodian coin. A fee was unlawfully exacted for the exchange of this money. Those that sold doves probably did a large business, because the dove was the specified offering of the poor. Observe that the buyers were regarded as guilty as the sellers. In this overthrow of tables and seats, and this casting out of men, we need not think of the exercise of any physical force, miraculous or otherwise. Jesus spoke and acted by divine authority, which the guilty traders must have felt, and He was backed by thousands of pilgrims from Galilee, with an enthusiasm

and force that for four days overawed all.

13. My house shall be called the ["a"] house of prayer—Isa. 56: 7. Ye have made it a den of thieves ["ye make it a den of robbers"]—or a cave of bandits. Within the holy precincts God was robbed of His dues, and men cheated each other. (Compare Jer. 7: 11.) "The traffic, to some degree, was necessary, and might have been innocent; but the trading spirit soon develops abuses which were doubtless rampant at that period, making Passover time a grotesque and offensive combination of religion with shady morality."

14. The blind and the lame came to him in the temple.—Matthew alone mentions this. Nothing could be more natural. Some of them may have now heard for the first time of our Lord's miracles of healing. If, as some have supposed, deformed and crippled people were not allowed within the "sacred" inclosure, then on this day the rules of the rabbis were broken.

IV. *The Hosannas of the Children* (Verses 15-17).—15. And—"but." The chief priests and [insert "the"] scribes—the rulers of the priestly party and leaders of the Sanhedrin. The wonderful things that he did—the expulsion of the traders, the enforcement of the rule that no man should carry any vessel through the temple (Mark), and the forth putting of miraculous healing power. And the children [insert "that were"] crying in the temple—boys and girls who caught the strain from the Galilean pilgrims, and chanted the praises of Jesus unconscious of all that their words meant. Sore displeased—"moved with indignation."

16. Said unto him.—Bitter at heart as these men were against Jesus, they did not dare yet to show their antagonism, but advanced their criticisms in the forms of friendliness and reverence. Hearst thou what these say?—"What these are saying?" It was safer to criticize the children than their seniors. Yea; have ye never read ["Yea, did ye never read"]?—Can ye not discern the deep harmony of today's doings with the eternal counsels of God? Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise—a citation of Psa. 8: 2.

Nails for the Teacher's Hammer

1. In the later period of His life Jesus sought rather than avoided publicity. This appears in His ceasing to charge those whom He had healed that they should not publish it. His later great miracles were apparently intended to attract great public attention, such as the giving of sight to the man born blind, the healing of the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda, and the raising of Lazarus. And now in His so-called "triumphal entry" He made deliberate arrangements for and encouraged a popular demonstration. The secret of this change lies in the fact that He knew He was near the end of His work, and knew that the increase of His fame would excite the rulers to carry out their purpose to put Him to death. He was hastening the hour of His sacrifice.

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2. This Palm Sunday demonstration was a spontaneous outburst of popular enthusiasm for Christ. The common people always were in sympathy with Jesus. They "heard Him gladly." The hostility came from the rulers. If Jesus had desired to lead a popular revolt, He could have carried the people at any time. The rulers were compelled to have great caution in their designs against Him for fear of the people. That was why they arrested Him at night and hurried His trial. The people thought of Jesus for what they saw Him to be and for what He did, and were not prejudiced by selfish interests as were the scribes and the Pharisees. This proves that Jesus answers to the needs of common, universal human life.

3. This raises the question: "Is there any such popular enthusiasm for Jesus now?" It was related a few years ago that at a working men's meeting, at which many bitter things were said about the church, some one got the floor and made a plain, strong statement of the character and spirit of Jesus himself, when some one leaped to his feet and waved his hat and cried: "Three cheers for Jesus Christ!" and they were given with great vigor. It is true yet that the popular heart responds to Christ when He is presented in such a way that He is recognized in His real character. Christ brings what all men need, and if we do not hide Him in our theologies and our artificial social systems, the common people will still have enthusiasm for Him.

4. But a popular procession is not the only way in which enthusiasm for Christ finds expression. It is shown in the steady interest that is taken in His work and worship. A great political mass meeting or parade in a city once in four years causes some people to ask: "Why is religious enthusiasm not equal to political?" forgetting that in the same city every week of the year more people gather in Christian congregations than in the mass meeting and the parade combined; and that single Christian denominations put as much as twenty-five millions of dollars annually into the work of the church. There is no cause in the world for which there is so much enthusiasm as the cause of Christ. If occasion required, a mightier procession could be formed in any city for Jesus Christ than for any emperor or ruler in the world.

5. A decline in true religion is always attended by a growth of the mercenary spirit. That is evidenced in the invasion of the temple by tradesmen and money-changers, whom Jesus twice drove out of the sacred place. That was one of the chief vices of the Pharisees, who "devoured widows' houses," while for a pretense they made long prayers. The love of mammon stands over against the love of God, and when love for God goes out the love of mammon is very sure to come in. An unspiritual church will attach undue importance to the rich and will lose interest in the poor. It is suggestive that when the buyers and sellers were driven out, the blind and the lame came to Jesus and He healed them. And if the church now could be thoroughly purged of the mercenary spirit, thousands more would come to Christ and be saved.

NERVOUS WOMEN

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate

It quiets the nerves, relieves nausea and sick headache and induces refreshing sleep.

EPWORTH LEAGUE PAGE

Edited by Rev. G. F. Durgin.

The Church Desired

"We do not want to go back to the Methodism of the fathers. We like our beautiful churches better than the barns in which they worshiped. We would rather hear ministers of broad and thorough culture than uneducated men called to the pulpit from the shoemaker's bench or from the plow. We do not want to give up the views of truth which a critical and enlightened scholarship has given to us, and return to the crude theology of earlier days. But, when the church that once gloried in being the church of the poor—the church that was once mighty to rescue and save the immoral and the degraded—turns over to the drums and tamborines of the Salvation Army the business of calling sinners to repentance, I cannot help thinking that He who on earth was called the friend of sinners—He who claimed as the supreme sign of His Messiahship the fact that the poor had the Gospel preached to them—would look lovingly upon our decorous worship, our correct lives, our enlightened and ennobling conceptions of Christian truth, our generous missionary contributions, and would say to us, 'These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.' A church that depends for its accessions only on the natural increase of its families can never conquer the world. 'I am impressed,' said Bishop Thoburn, 'by these

program and plan of the meeting was given by the ministers and the stronger class of the laymen.

The morning hours were given to three series of classes. Rev. Albert E. Legg, of Providence, conducted a mission study hour, with growing attendance, interest and profit. The recognized scholarship of Rev. W. A. Wood, D. D., made the hours in the study of "The Inner Life of Jesus" very practical and helpful. The third hour was devoted to "Bible School Methods." Rev. Geo. H. Clarke had charge on two mornings, and spoke to the enlightenment and encouragement of all, as did Rev. O. W. Hutchinson, Mrs. L. E. Ware and Rev. Dr. J. D. Pickles.

At 11 o'clock each morning a platform meeting was held, with an address on a special theme or the presentation of some special interest. Prof. William North Rice, D. D., spoke with characteristic strength and beauty and with a surprisingly evangelistic message, from which we quote the opening paragraph of this page. Mrs. Annie M. Baird gave the address for the Woman's Home Missionary Society, and Mrs. C. P. Bruere that for the Woman's

There were some conversions. The preachers were: Revs. E. L. Mills, W. F. Anderson, D. D., of New York, E. E. Davidson, J. M. Leonard, D. D., and E. T. Curnick, D. D. The sermons were excellent, earnest and impassioned for soul salvation. If the camp meeting is not as effective as formerly, the fault is not with the preaching, which could never have been more spiritual and searching.

The music was a most satisfactory and attractive feature of the meetings. Rev. E. V. Hinchliffe, of Springfield, played the organ and had direction, being supported by an excellent chorus. Rev. A. B. Gifford, of Monson, assisted greatly with the cornet. Mrs. Geo. H. Rogers, of Charlton City, was the regular soloist, singing with sweet and persuasive voice at every service. Mrs. Fannie Hastings and Miss Ethel Wilkinson were greatly enjoyed in occasional solos. Rev. John A. Bowler was at his best in daily chalk talks to the children, at one public meeting, and in an open-air meeting on Sunday afternoon at Waushacum Park, a near by resort, where fully one hundred people were in attendance.

Sunday

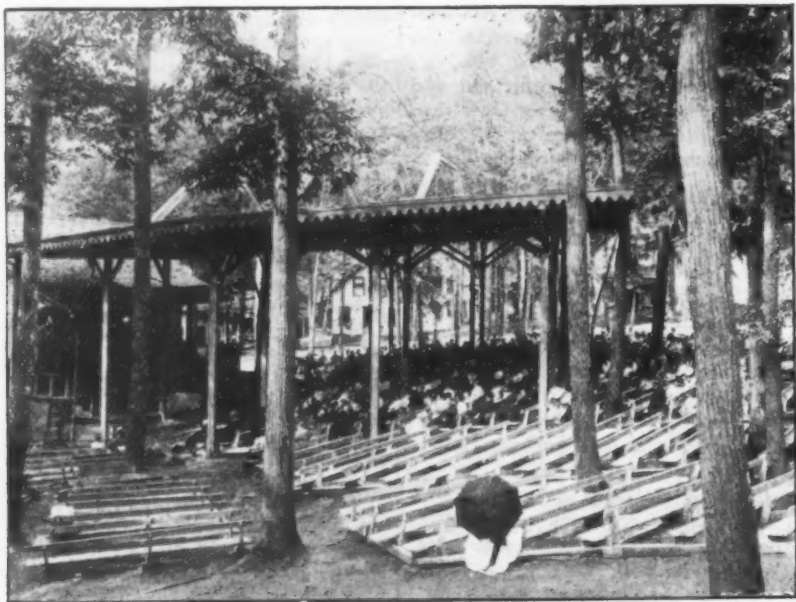
That an innovation was being tried this year, and, for the first time, a Sunday camp-meeting was being held, was hardly realized. A perfect summer day, Sabbath orderliness, great preaching, an earnest devotion in all the services, and several conversions, made the public services of this day seem the most natural climax of a week that had been growing in interest from the very first. Three visitors—Rev. Edgar Blake, of Manchester, N. H., Dr. Wallace MacMullen, of New York, and Prof. W. G. Seaman, of De Pauw University—preached sermons that were strongly revivalistic, especially appropriate to the occasion, and each a complement to the others.

Highest praise was accorded Dr. Rice for his administration, which was always easy, brotherly, and helpful, contributing largely to the success of the meetings. At the close the opinion prevailed that the union was a desirable thing for these meetings, and that the kind of program enjoyed this year is much more helpful than the former camp-meeting style could now be. Several elderly people who have attended meetings on these grounds for many years testified to the excellence of this year over all the past. The program will probably be of like nature next year.

The grounds were never more beautiful. No servants of such an occasion could be more courteous and painstaking than were Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, who have charge of the grounds and the hotel, and Mr. Hemenway, who served delicious meals at the boarding house. Altogether, Sterling for 1906 was quite an unusual camp-meeting.

Norwich District Leagues Stirred

THESE are great days for Norwich District. The Willimantic camp ground is witnessing scenes that, in the providence of God, will mean much to the young people of the Epworth League. A letter from Bishop Hartzell, announcing that Rev. and Mrs. O. H. Green would sail for Africa, Nov. 1, sent a thrill of emotion through all who know this cultured and consecrated young couple of Norwich District. So it was not strange that, when the 6 o'clock prayer-meeting on Thursday morning took the form of a farewell meeting to the departing missionaries, there was felt a wave of spiritual power which swept all present not only to tears, but to a new consecration to Africa and to "the world for Christ." Mr. and Mrs. Green



AUDITORIUM AT STERLING

two things in our congregations: the absence of very poor people, and the absence of bad people except sinners of higher social position. You must be willing to have a revival that will bring the bad people to the church.' God grant that we may have far and wide through our churches the kind of revival that will bring to them poor people and bad people!" — Prof. Wm. North Rice.

Sterling Camp-meeting

The historic camp meeting and the more recently organized Epworth League Assembly were united this year under the management of a committee representing both organizations, and in charge of the presiding elder of Cambridge District, Rev. Dr. Charles F. Rice. The program arranged for a combination of the Assembly and the regular camp meeting features, using the best of each, providing both edification for Christian believers and evangelistic inspiration and opportunity for others. Dr. Rice had secured an especially strong corps of teachers and preachers. The attendance was good, there being an unusual number of young people present all through the week. A very general approval of the

Foreign Missionary Society. Rev. Dr. W. F. Anderson, secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was greatly enjoyed in "A Liberal Education the Best Preparation for Service to the Republic." Rev. Dr. Alfred Noon was pleasingly effective—as he always is—in speaking for the New England Conference Temperance Society on the theme, "The Place and Power of the Church in Temperance Reform."

Only one service was held each afternoon, and that a sermon for the help of Christians. Each sermon was appropriate, excellent and uplifting. The preachers were Revs. J. E. Lacount, of Gardner, J. F. Knotts, of West Roxbury, A. P. Sharp, Ph. D., of Dorchester, S. L. Beiler, D. D., of Boston University, and G. S. Butters, D. D., of Newton.

The first evening service was addressed by Rev. C. L. Leonard, D. D., the new president of the First General District, on "The Value of the Remnant," and a good note was struck for the series of evening sermons that followed, all of which were definitely evangelistic and revivalistic.

are to be located at Quiongoa, Angola, West Africa. Those who were present at the farewell meeting will not forget the words of Mr. Green: "I have felt this morning a new anointing for my work. I have caught a new vision." May the young people of Norwich District and the New England Conference — yea, of everywhere — catch this vision and be aroused to a new responsibility! To this end the District League second vice president, Rev. F. W. Gray, is contributing much in conducting a normal mission study class on the camp ground each day. Mr. Gray comes fresh from Silver Bay, and that over thirty are enrolled in the normal class speaks much for the beginning of his work. Norwich District is not to be behind in the great passion for world evangelism. R. S. C.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC

Power and Blessedness of United Prayer

Sunday, September 9

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, D. D.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

- September 3. Holy fellowship and divine acknowledgment. Mal. 3: 16-18.
 September 4. Mutual supplication and confession. James 5: 16.
 September 5. A specific object for united prayer. Acts 12: 12.
 September 6. A pentecostal prayer-meeting. Acts 1: 13-14.
 September 7. Exhortations to united prayer. Eph. 6: 18, 19.
 September 8. He hears the united prayer of exiles. Isa. 19: 20.
 September 9. Topic — The Power and Blessedness of United Prayer. Matt. 18: 19.

"That ought from us should ascend to heaven
 So prevalent as to concern the mind
 Of God high-blest, or to incline His will,
 Hard to believe may seem, yet this, will
 prayer."

Yes, prayer will do this, and immeasurably more. Not because we have claims of innate worth upon Him, but because, —

1. The majesty of His divine nature challenges our attention and bids us to come with our petitions.
2. The tenderness of His perfect humanity draws us to Him.
3. That wonderful atonement wrought out for us upon Calvary is sufficient to steady our tottering steps and empower our feeble faith.
4. The marvelous achievements of answered prayer assure us that more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

"Oh, he pus through the prayer of faith
 More firmly to believe;
 For still the more Thy servant bath,
 The more shall he receive."

Prayer-Symphony

"If two of you agree" (Matt. 18: 19). Here is intimated that accord of inner purpose which results in outer concord. That magnificent musical composition known as the Symphony, consisting of inwardly related and yet contrasted movements, issues in the domination of a final grand effect. Widely contrasted may Christians be — some poor and illiterate, some of highest culture — yet if they be united in earnestness for the advance of Christ's kingdom, the prayer of each contributes to the good of all, and to the final splendid triumph.

The Church Symphony

Back of Peter's powerful sermon at Pentecost was a praying company of firm believers. Said

an earnest missionary last month at Northfield: "We need men and money, but more than all else we need the prayers of Christian people." On what evening in the week is your church prayer-meeting held? Is that evening kept sacred by you for that blessed service? Are you always in your place that night, unless providentially hindered? By your absence you not only subtract the weight of your influence, but you detract from the total effect of the symphony — the glorious harmony of a united church. A minister once reproved an absentee from prayer-meeting in this way: He took the tongs and from the open grate removed one live coal from the others and watched it die as it lay on the hearth by itself. The member saw the force of this illustration, and said: "I'll be at the next meeting."

The Two Links

1. Power. Mr. Moody and General O. O. Howard were passengers on the steamer "Spres" in 1892 when the large shaft broke and the vessel out upon the ocean was in great peril. Many despaired of their lives. These godly men prayed, and while praying deliverance came. They believed it was in answer to prayer. Why not?

2. Blessedness. A wife was much concerned for the conversion of her husband. She opened her heart to a pious mother in Israel, and, upon her suggestion, met daily with her to pray for this much-desired result. After a time an impediment was discovered. Would she be willing her husband should lose his present fine income and be reduced much in salary if he became a Christian? For some time she hesitated. Finally she said: "Have Thine own will completely, Lord!" Soon prayer was answered. He was convicted and converted. Then did she realize a blessedness that no money could afford.

Union

The early disciples were with one accord in one place. There they tarried until they were endued with power from on high. United prayer has ever preceded great revivals. It was so at Pentecost. It was so in the Wesley and Whitefield revivals. It was so in the wonderful revival in our land in 1857-58. It was signally so in the recent mighty revival in Wales. Any Christian Church may have an awakening if there is union in continued prayer. Oh, that the spirit of prayer might come to all our churches! A great evangelist once said: "There is only one thing in this world that I fear, and that is that I shall not pray enough." Do we spend as much time in prayer as we should?

Norwich, Conn.

The Old Camp meeting

"It is good," said a bright woman, "to be young and feel young; young enough to be in sympathy with modern progress, and yet to be old enough to remember the old camp meeting as it was before the innovations, and to have known it from the inside."

"In those days there were no flaming handbills, no 'gate receipts,' no excursion trains. The camp meeting we knew belonged to the life of the people, and was a normal expression of their religious feeling."

"It came each year after the harvest, and before the frost. We looked forward to it all the year. It was there that we learned the new hymns we were to sing all the year, till the next camp meeting. There we would meet old friends; there we would hear great preachers. It was our Chautauqua Assembly, our intellectual and social and religious Feast of Tabernacles."

"Yes, I know it is the custom to make fun of it, and I do not forget that there were oddities and excesses; but these were largely in the life of the people, and not wholly to be charged to the meeting. The things which appear in the ordinary descriptions of those occasions are not the ones that I remember. The noise and fanaticism were not the whole of the meeting; there was much that was different."

"Our family was one of the most active

in the preparation for the meeting. We always went to 'the cleaning' the week before. The brush was cut away from the grounds, the spring was dug out, the 'tents' scrubbed, and all was got ready. Two or three neighboring farmers drew over a load of straw each, and we filled the beds; and as we worked we planned and talked."

"The tents were really slab cabins, for the most part, and were located round a hollow square. There were a few tents that had three or even four rooms. Ours had only two, as most of them had; but to this day I have satisfaction in remembering that ours was in the front row."

"Such cooking as there was the week before! Such ironing and starching and packing! And what excitement as we loaded all into the wagon and jolted off to the camp ground, getting our own tent settled, and watching and greeting the later arrivals as they came! And what appetites we had! And what cooking! Fried chicken never was so good. Hot biscuits and corn bread melted in one's mouth, with the butter spread upon them. And as for the hoecakes and buckwheats, how they disappeared in the ham gravy and maple syrup!"

"We were long in getting to sleep the first night, and early to waken in the morning. How many birds there were in the woods! How early they began to sing! And soon as we were at work getting breakfast we would hear some one singing, as she tried the bacon:

"A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify."

"The ordinary short metre tunes do very well for indoors, but for the early morning at camp meeting the old tune 'Kentucky' is the tune that fits. We would begin humming it, and others would do the same, and soon there was singing all round the camp, and the song prepared our hearts for the meeting."

"There were preachers from round home, and preachers from abroad, and once a real bishop. The seats were hard and rough and backless, and the sermons were many and long, and some of them, I doubt not, crude enough. And the things that amuse modern dippant writers were doubtless in evidence. But we knew lives that were changed and hopes that were revived. We knew the friendships renewed and the new songs learned. And all the year through we had something to remember and something to look forward to."

"So I say it is good still to feel young, and to belong to a generation with more years to live and with hopes and ideals of the present, and still to remember, not the oddities and extravagances, but the social and intellectual and spiritual benefits of the good old-fashioned camp meetings." — *Youth's Companion*.

What becomes of a good thought, when it passes away without having effected any connection with a good word or a good deed? Does it go into the universal rubbish-heap? No; it passes on to some other mind, more faithful and more fruitful. It is only the refuser who suffers loss — not the world. Every good thought is from God, and is sure to get uttered or acted at last.



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Church Extension Again

REV. ROBERT FORBES, D. D.

First Assistant Corresponding Secretary.

California

We have tried in every possible way to keep the claims of California before our people. The response is gratifying, but it is not what we expected, and we urge every pastor and church, during the closing weeks of our fiscal year, to send to this office every dollar that can be possibly raised. Bishop Hamilton is the hero of the hour. We must stand by him. His drafts are reaching this office, and thus far are honored at sight. Do not allow us to fail. San Francisco Methodism must be rebuilt. Brethren, hear our call and heed it for the Master's sake.

The Annuity Fund

A gentleman, not of our church, called at the office a few days ago in order to acquaint himself more fully with the operation of the Church Extension Annuity Fund. He insists that we ought to increase that Fund by a million dollars, and suggested that one thousand men can be found who will give \$1,000 each, and he proposes to be one of the thousand. He wants to place his money where it will yield him a moderate income during his lifetime and then pass into the treasury of this Board absolutely, either as a part of the Loan Fund or the General Fund, at his death. We endorse his views. Our lists are open.

There are probably many people in our congregations who do not understand the workings of the Annuity Fund. We shall be pleased to correspond with such, if they have in mind the thought of placing their money where during life it will yield them a reasonable income and then continue its benevolent work forever.

The Loan Fund

The Loan Fund should be increased to a million dollars. It can be so increased if it is laid properly on the heart of the church. A million dollars loaned to churches and parsonages at a low rate of interest, would be of great help to the local societies, and the income would pay all the expenses of administration and leave a large balance to be turned over to the General Fund. Thus donations could be increased in number and magnitude.

The General Fund

A half million needed. The General Committee at its approaching session should ask the church for a half million for the General Fund of Church Extension. A half million for Church Extension, would be a popular cry, and the church would respond. If that amount is judiciously apportioned among the Conferences, and the presiding elders judiciously apportion it among the charges, the people who long ago awoke to the cry of "A Million for Missions" will respond to the equally important call, "A Half Million for Church Extension." If the consolidation takes place, as is expected, the smallest amount for which the church should ask will be "A Million for Home Missions and Church Extension."

The above figures look large only as they are compared with what the receipts have been. They are really small compared with what our people are abundantly able to contribute.

The greatest moral and religious conflict of the ages is just coming on in American cities, and fifty cents per member for missions, and less than ten cents per member for Church Extension, look pitifully small. God in His

providence is calling the church in this day, as never before, to the consecration of its wealth for benevolent and charitable purposes.

W. H. M. S. Notes

— There is every indication that the annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, to be held in Lincoln, Neb., beginning Oct. 10, will be one of unusual interest and importance. Delegates and visitors expecting to attend this meeting should communicate at once with Mrs. Leslie Stevens, University Place, Lincoln, Neb. Entertainment will be provided for delegates, and special rates secured, if possible, for visitors.

— Friends who are interested in our missions to Alaska will rejoice to know that the public school in Unalaska is to be re-opened in September. Dr. Newhall has made earnest effort in this direction as well as in the effort to keep the sale of liquor out of the village.

— Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Seilon, of Portland, Ore., sailed from Seattle for Sitka, Alaska, thirty miles from Nome, Aug. 7, to inaugurate the Reindeer Mission. The herd of reindeer will probably not arrive until the first of January, but time is needed to secure necessary furnishings and supplies for the herder and Eskimo apprentices. The opening of this mission and the securing of needed funds has been left in the hands of the bureau secretary, Mrs. R. H. Young, who has done heroic work in collecting the funds and making all the necessary arrangements. Let many prayers go up in behalf of this new child of faith and missionary enterprise.

— The demands upon the Industrial Homes of the W. H. M. S. in the South are increasingly great. Thayer Home, in South Atlanta, Ga., last year turned away as many applicants as were admitted, and other schools are telling a similar story. It takes heroic Christian faith and fortitude to stand in the presence of such need and be unable to supply it. If the church at large knew the heart-breaking eagerness of these poor girls to secure an education, the response would be large and satisfactory.

W. H. M. S. at Ocean Grove

Anniversary meetings of the Woman's Home Missionary Society are held each year at Ocean Grove, N. J., attended by large numbers of people. This year "Missionary Week" began on July 30, with the presentation of this Society's work, and presided over by Mrs. Clinton E. Fisk, national president of the W. H. M. S.

The first session, after the opening words by Mrs. Fisk, and a hearty, brotherly welcome by Bishop FitzGerald, was given to a prayer and testimony meeting of great power and blessing under the direction of Mrs. Clara L. Roach, of Washington, D. C. In the afternoon Miss Josephine Corbin delighted her hearers by a brief narration of experiences in carrying the Home Mission gospel to various parts of our land. Mrs. May Leonard Woodruff made an eloquent plea for the "White Fields," giving special attention to Porto Rico with its 387,000 children under sixteen years of age, and the consequent "child problem" which the Society is seeking to solve. Miss Alma Mathews, in her quaint and interesting manner, spoke on "Daily Doings at Ellis Island."

On Monday evening a rare treat was given the audience in the fine address by Dr. W. A. Frye, of Trenton, N. J., who spoke on "The Sign of the Cross at the Gates of Empire." With an extensive knowledge of the work carried on by the W. H. M. S., gained through contact with it in many parts of our land, Dr. Frye was able to speak as "one having authority," and his intensely earnest words of appreciation and prophecy stirred and stimulated his audience to a high degree.

Tuesday morning Mrs. Anna Kent, secretary of Bureau for New Mexico and Arizona, spoke on "Mexican Girls—What they Are, What they may Become;" Mrs. Hedley R. Woodward, of Montclair, N. J., gave a strong and finished address on "A Conference Secretary at Work;" and a "Message from Bancroft Rest Home," by Mrs. Kent, completed the interesting program of the morning.

On the afternoon of the same day, Miss Alice M. Guernsey spoke on "Looking Forward," pleading for the organization of children in

Home Mission work; and Miss Effa Z. Ham, of Cranford, N. J., gave an object lesson in which she "played at" organizing a Queen Esther Circle, in a most helpful and delightful manner. "Stories of the Work" were told by Miss Flora Mitchell, of Thayer Home, South Atlanta, Ga., Mrs. S. M. Lewis, of Haven Home, Savannah, Ga., and Miss E. A. Mosher, for several years of New Jersey Home, Morristown, Tenn. These "Samples from Real Life" were brought before the audience, and not one who listened to the stories could fail to see the importance and value of the work carried on by the W. H. M. S. in its industrial homes.

Tuesday evening was given to a delightful reception at Bancroft Rest Home.

The Wednesday morning session was given to the work of the deaconesses, under the auspices of the W. H. M. S. A consecration service in Thornley Chapel was conducted by Miss Priscilla Foster, of the Brooklyn Home, and at 10 o'clock in the Young People's Temple devotional exercises were led by Miss Emma B. Herbert, of Philadelphia Home. Miss Bertha Fowler, superintendent of the Philadelphia Home, presided over an able discussion on "The Poor Wards of our Cities, or the Wealthy Churches—In Which shall we Work?" Misses Peck and Morrow, of the Newark Home, led the discussion, which was an intensely practical and helpful one, and was participated in by Misses Haldeman, Knight, Sigler, and Foster. Many points of interest and profit were brought out in this excellent discussion, which was further illuminated by wise and helpful suggestions from Miss Fowler. A fine paper on "The Deaconess View point," by Miss Priscilla Foster, brought out forcibly the spirit in which the deaconess must serve if she will be an effective worker for the Master.

The exhibit of the W. H. M. S. held in connection with the large exhibit of the Missionary Society was presided over by Miss M. E. Morehouse, of the New York office, and was a source of much attraction. Brief explanatory addresses were given in this section by Mrs. Woodruff, Miss Ham, Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Cooper, and Miss Rachel Jefferson.

The meeting was an inspiring and profitable one, and the presence of many persons of distinction was appreciated. Among others, Prof. and Mrs. Henry Wade Rogers, Miss M. L. Ninde, Miss E. Jean Scott, of Toronto, Can., and Miss Mabel Head, an officer of the W. H. M. S. of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.



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THE CONFERENCES

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Bucksport District

Reopening at West Pembroke. -- The rededication of the Methodist Episcopal Church at West Pembroke followed a day and a half of very interesting services. Aug. 8, Wednesday afternoon, Rev. C. E. Bromley, of Lubec, preached a very appropriate sermon. In the evening the presiding elder preached to a crowded house. Aug. 9, Thursday forenoon, Rev. W. H. Smith, pastor of the Baptist Church of Pembroke, preached a practical sermon. In the afternoon Rev. H. A. Sherman, of Eastport, preached a spiritual sermon, and in the evening Rev. J. M. Bieler, pastor of the Congregational Church of Eastport, preached inspiringly. Rev. B. F. Gott, of South Robbinston, and Rev. J. F. Thurston, of Edmunds, were present and assisted in these services. Preceding the sermon of Thursday evening the presiding elder, assisted by the pastor and visiting clergymen, rededicated the church to the worship and service of God. We gather from the report of Mr. James Apenethy, chairman of the board of trustees, the following facts:

Nearly \$700 were expended in remodeling and repairing the chapel and transforming it into a beautiful little church, and all bills are paid. Among the many who helped in this enterprise we have space to mention a few. Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Smith generously presented a fine bell to the society. The Grand Army soldiers gave the large memorial window back of the platform. Six smaller memorial windows were placed in honor of former friends.

"A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due."

The Ladies' Guild contributed \$100. The young ladies, and even the children, helped. The business men of the place gave money, work and influence. The building committee consisted of the pastor, and Messrs. Apenethy, Smith, Bucknam, and Brown. One of the very enjoyable features of the exercises was the banquet and responses to toasts on Thursday noon. The weather was fine, the crowds attending the services large, and the spirit manifested indicates growing interest in church affairs. Rev. C. E. Petersen, the pastor, is loved

DUBIOUS

About What Her Husband Would Say

A Michigan woman tried Postum Food Coffee because ordinary coffee disagreed with her and her husband. She writes:

"My husband was sick for three years with catarrh of the bladder, and palpitation of the heart, caused by coffee. Was unable to work at all and in bed part of the time.

"I had stomach trouble, was weak and fretful so I could not attend to my house work -- both of us using coffee all the time and not realizing it was harmful.

"One morning the grocer's wife said she believed coffee was the cause of our trouble and advised Postum. I took it home rather dubious about what my husband would say -- he was fond of coffee.

"But I took coffee right off the table and we haven't used a cup of it since.

You should have seen the change in us and now my husband never complains of heart palpitation any more. My stomach trouble went away in two weeks after I began Postum. My children love it and it does them good, which can't be said of coffee.

"A lady visited us who was always half sick. I told her I'd make her a cup of Postum. She said it was tasteless stuff, but she watched me make it, boiling it thoroughly for 15 minutes, and when done she said it was splendid. Long boiling brings out the flavor and food quality." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a reason."

by this people. His salary has been increased \$50 this year.

Penobscot. -- The men on Bucksport District are hard-worked ministers. Rev. C. H. Bryant is a worthy representative of many others. For instance, he very often drives 125 miles a week, attending four week evening services. Here is one Sunday's work, and this is a good illustration of many other Sundays: Four services, five baptisms, and a reception to full membership. It is a common matter for many of our ministers to preach four and five times a Sunday, to attend four and five meetings week evenings, and to meet many calls for funerals and other service. Brothers, "let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." We can afford to work as hard at our business as the farmer and mechanic and professional men do in theirs.

West Tremont. -- At West Tremont Circuit Rev. A. B. Carter is doing things. A bell has been purchased by the Ladies' Circle and placed in the tower and three dozen "Songs of Faith and Hope" put into the church. Twenty five copies of the same book have been placed in the Centre Church, also. Mr. Carter has added Black Island to his large circuit, and visits this island the same Sundays he goes to Gott's Island. The weekly-envelope system has been introduced with very good effect. We find that a number of charges need system in financial matters.

Camp meetings. -- We are now in the midst of our camp-meeting season. Northport, under the leadership of Rev. A. E. Luce, of Castine, sustained its high reputation and resulted in a great spiritual uplift to the people in attendance. East Machias is a centre of spiritual power. We expect the churches to be greatly blessed because of these meetings. H. B. H.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston District

Southbridge. -- On the first Sunday in August Rev. A. W. L. Nelson received 16 into full membership from probation. Among these were two groups worthy of note: One a family of father, mother, and four children; the other a mother, son, and two daughters. The pastor generously gives the credit of the winning of these to his predecessor, Dr. A. B. Kendig.

G. F. D.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

New Bedford District

Yarmouth Camp-meeting. -- The 44th session of the Yarmouth camp-meeting was held, July 29 to Aug. 6, and was, in many respects, the most successful held for many years. Some new features were introduced this year, which seem to have met with the approval of the people. The discontinuance of the gate fee was looked upon by some as a sort of experiment, but the substitution of a freewill offering, in which the people gave liberally, proved beyond a doubt that the change met with the approval of the majority. Certain departments of Christian work were especially emphasized. Among these were the Missionary cause, the Sunday-school, Junior work, Deaconess work, and Evangelism. The opening day was a spiritual feast, and was a foretaste of the good things to come. Dr. E. M. Taylor was never better, as he discussed in a most practical manner the problems of the Christianizing of the foreign population of our own country, as well as the evangelizing of the world. In the afternoon Rev. Dr. Alfred Noon preached on the Christian aspects of the Temperance cause, and showed clearly the part the church ought to take in the great work. The evening sermon was by Presiding Elder Ward, on Matt 7: 2. The sermon was full of inspiration, and was a fitting close to a most helpful day. The cause of missions was further brought to the attention of the people in two addresses by Rev. G. E. Mossman, who gave an interesting report of the Conference at Silver Bay, to which he was a delegate sent by the Epworth Leagues of the New Bedford District.

The Woman's Missionary Societies were ably represented by Miss Lillian M. Packard, of Boston, and by Mrs. Eben Tirrell, of Plymouth. The Sunday school work was given a prominent place in the program, and consisted of five addresses on the subject by Rev. John D.

Pickles, Ph. D. There can but be an increased interest in this work in all who heard these addresses. Dr. Pickles also preached a very helpful sermon from Rom. 1: 16. Mrs. Eva Fields, superintendent of the Fall River Deaconess Home, emphasized the work among the Juniors in one address, and in another brought the deaconess work very close to the hearts of those who heard her. "Pastoral and Personal Evangelism" was the theme of four addresses by Rev. C. L. Goodell, D. D., of New York. It would be impossible to estimate the value of these addresses to those who are vitally interested in the extension of God's kingdom on the earth. The other preachers were Revs. E. W. Belcher, E. S. Hammond, John Oldham, W. E. Plaxton, F. L. Streeter, G. W. Hunt, S. L. Beller, D. D., Wm. Eakins, D. D., L. B. Bates, D. D., and M. B. Wilson. The sermons were all of a high order, and, if space would allow, each would receive special comment.

The vesper song service and closing exercises were held Monday evening, and were enjoyed by a large number of people. With an excellent arrangement of services and speakers, and a most successful season financially just concluded, the outlook is one of great hope for the future usefulness of the camp-meeting.

A. M. S.

General Conference of 1908

The General Conference of 1904 directed that "all arrangements for the General Conference of 1908 -- the selection of location, raising the necessary funds, etc. -- be referred, as for the last three quadrenniums, to the Book Committee." At its last session the Book Committee elected a special committee to have charge of this work. This committee is in readiness to enter into correspondence relative to the location of the next General Conference. Communications may be addressed to either the chairman or the secretary, and should be sent at an early date.

WILLIAM F. WHITLOCK,
Chairman, Delaware, Ohio.
ALPHEUS S. MOWBRAY,
Secretary, Wilmington, Del.

The General Committee Meetings

The General Missionary Committee sits at Buffalo, in Delaware Avenue Church, beginning November 1. Upon its adjournment the General Committee of Church Extension convenes in First Church, Syracuse, N. Y., probably on November 8. Finally, in First Church, Rochester, N. Y., November 12, the Committee on Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education has its annual meeting.

New Lay Members

JOHN HERMAN, an energetic Methodist church worker, has organized the chickens in the neighborhood of Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church, near Sykesville, Md., into a missionary society to raise funds to aid the church. Each hen is a lay member, so to speak, and the farmers of the neighborhood agree to turn over to the church each and every egg that their hens lay on Sunday and only those laid on that day. These eggs are to be taken to the church each Sunday afternoon at the Epworth League meeting and placed in a basket. A similar plan has worked well in some Western cities. -- *New Bedford Standard.*

Dr. Dixon's Denominational Status

From the *Examiner* (Baptist).

WE learn that Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., pastor of the Ruggles Street Church, Boston, Mass., has decided to accept the call of the Chicago Congregational Church, formerly presided over by Dwight L. Moody. Some of the secular quidnuncs are wondering just how Dr. Dixon, who is well known as a staunch Baptist, is going to adjust himself to this peculiar situation. We are inclined to wonder ourselves. Will

he ignore the ordinances altogether, or get some one else to sprinkle babies and adults, while he immerses those who wish to follow their Lord in His appointed way? And how about the question of the Lord's Supper? Or will Dr. Dixon act simply as an evangelist pastor, a sort of permanent supply, without connecting himself with the church or taking part in its internal affairs?

Inalienable Rights

From Philadelphia Press.

EVERY man has a right to work when he pleases, to stop work when he pleases, to ask whatever wages and what ever hours he can get, but he has no right to interfere with the desire of any other man to work when he pleases, at what wages he pleases, and for what hours he desires. One right is as sacred as the other.

In the "Good Old Times"

From Success.

NOT until February of 1812 did the people of Kentucky know that Madison was elected President in the previous November.

In 1834 one of the leading railroads of the United States printed on its time table: "The locomotive will leave the depot every day at 10 o'clock, if the weather is fair."

The first typewriter was received by the public with suspicion. It seemed subversive of existing conditions. A reporter who took one into a court room first proved its real worth.

In England, some centuries ago, if an ordinary workman, without permission, moved from one parish to another, in search of work or better wage, he was branded with hot iron.

When Benjamin Franklin first thought of starting a newspaper in Philadelphia, many of his friends advised against it because there was a paper published in Boston. Some of them doubted that the country would be able to support two newspapers.

One hundred years ago the fastest land travel in the world was on the Great North Road, in England, after it had been put into its best condition. There the York mail coach tore along at the rate of ninety miles a day, and many persons confidently predicted divine vengeance on such unseemly haste.

When Thomas Jefferson was elected President of the United States, on Feb. 17, 1801, after one of the most exciting political campaigns in our history, the gratifying

news did not reach the successful candidate for as many days as it now takes hours to transmit the result of a Presidential election to the whole civilized world.

When, in 1809, Richard Trevithick uttered the following words, there were many who considered him an insane, dangerous person: "The present generation will use canals, the next will prefer railroads with horses, but their more enlightened successors will employ steam carriages on rail ways as the perfection of the art of conveyance."

When Benjamin Franklin first took the coach from Philadelphia to New York he spent four days on the journey. He tells us that, as the old driver jogged along, he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stage coaches and eight horses sufficed for all the commerce that was carried on between Boston and New York, and in winter the journey occupied a week.

Napoleon, at the height of his power, could not command our every day conveniences, such as steam heat, running water, bath, and sanitary plumbing, gas, electric light, railroads, steamboats, the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, daily newspapers, magazines, and a thousand other blessings which are now part of the daily necessities of even manual laborers.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were brought into Philadelphia, in 1803, the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff; but, at length disgusted, they broke it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later Colonel George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagon loads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretences.

Spiritual Task of Methodism

From Methodist Times.

THE work of Methodism for the kingdom of Christ, so far from being almost accomplished, is only just begun. Methodism arose in the conscious experience of a full salvation in Christ, in the conviction that it is the will of God that all men shall enter into that blessed experience, and in the sense of a divine calling to "preach the Gospel to every creature." Its whole existence, therefore, depends upon the enjoyment and meaning of personal Christianity. The gift in Christ cannot be less than a complete salvation, a salvation for all men, a salvation here and now conveyed to men by the Holy Spirit, although its possibilities and consequences are only gradually realized. Our very name is a testimony that our origin is to be found in a new experience and practice of inward religion. The title of every other church is bound up with some particular theory as to the constitution of the church, its ministerial order, or the external conditions of entering it. Methodism alone contains no such theory in its name. It is a community of those who enjoy and practice the divine life.

Christ is not only the Good Shepherd, but He is also the best Shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep; Jesus Christ gave the best of all lives for His flock. Having nothing better to give, He surrendered Himself. The sense in which Jesus imparts Himself in blessing to those who love Him is unique, and can never be predicated of the devotion of an earthly shepherd for his lamb, nor even of a human parent for his offspring. It is the glory of Christianity, as compared with all other religions, that it has a story of a Good Shepherd and a doctrine of a surrendered Life.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

Ithiel Falls, Johnson, Vt.,	Aug. 24-Sept. 3
Nobleboro Camp-meeting,	Aug. 26-Sept. 2
Laurel Park Camp meeting,	Aug. 26-Sept. 3
Laurel Park Summer School of Inspiration, Northampton,	Aug. 26-Sept. 3
East Machias Campmeeting,	Aug. 27-31
Hedding Campmeeting, Hedding, N. H.,	Aug. 27-Sept. 1
Asbury Grove Camp meeting,	Aug. 27-Sept. 3
Groveton Camp-meeting,	Aug. 28-Sept. 3
Wilmot Camp meeting,	Sept. 3-7

Marriages

LAUBACH - McKAY - In Boston, Aug. 26, by Rev. George M. Bailey of Plainville, assisted by President F. H. Knight of New Orleans, La., Prof. R. E. Laubach, of Indianola, Iowa, and Mary A. McKay, of Camden, Me.

Deaths

GALVIN - Died, in Woolwich, Me., Aug. 19, Amy Galvin, aged 27 years, 2 months.

HOWE - Died, in Woolwich, Me., Aug. 20, Florence Howe, aged 26 years.

W. H. M. S. - The regular meeting of the executive board of the New England Conference Woman's Home Missionary Society will be held in the Committee Room, 36 Bromfield Street, on Tuesday, Sept. 4, at 10 A. M.

MRS. D. W. REID, Recording Secretary.

W. F. M. S. - The General Executive Committee of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church will convene for its 37th annual session in First Church, Omaha, Nebraska, corner of Twentieth and Davenport Streets. The meeting will open on Thursday morning, Oct. 25. The corresponding secretaries of the Branches will hold a preliminary meeting commencing Friday morning at 9:30, Oct. 13.

The chairman of the entertainment committee, Mrs. Charles H. Aull, may be addressed at 2134 South 34th Street.

MRS. J. F. GRACEY,
Rec. Sec. pro tem.

CHAUTAUQUA REUNION. - There will be a reunion of the Chautauquans who for many years assembled at Lake View, South Framingham, on Monday, Labor Day, with forenoon and afternoon sessions, including literary and musical program and a basket picnic. The property has recently come into the possession of the Chautauqua Association, and passengers are reminded that the new railroad station there is Montwait.

A. M. OSGOOD,
Secretary of Committee.

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OBITUARIES

Cruel Death, dread reaper for the tomb,
His work does well fulfill;
While we with weeping eyes stand by
And yield us to his will.

With ruthless hand he, one by one,
Steals friends whom we hold dear;
As we look on with bated breath,
In agony and fear.

He takes them, claims them for his own,
He drags them to the grave;
He scorns our tears, he mocks our cries,
As we his mercy crave.

Yet while we grieve, the Holy One
Our sorrows does behold;
He speaks, we hear His welcome voice,
And then our hearts grow bold.

O precious words! "Lean thou on Me,
Poor soul with broken heart;
I'll heal thy wounds, thy sorrows soothe,
My grace to thee impart."

Within the dark and dismal tomb
Did Christ fore'er remain?
Ah, no! He rose victorious,
Death's bands He rent in twain.

E'en so shall they for whom you mourn
Triumphant rise at last;
Death cannot longer claim his dead
When sounds the trumpet's blast.

Move onward, then, with joyful heart,
Your loved ones you shall meet
In yonder city, bright and fair,
Around the Saviour's feet.

— REV. WILLIAM PORTER TOWNSEND, in N. Y. Observer.

The death angel has been busy since Conference in our little church at Buckfield, Me. Of our twenty members three have been removed by death since June 11, 1906.

Lucas. — Sanford Lucas was born forty years ago in Hartford, Me., and died in Buckfield, Me., June 11, 1906, after an illness of one week from pneumonia.

Mr. Lucas was converted some years ago in a Salvation Army meeting, and has maintained his Christian faith, and gave evidence of his discipleship with Christ, to the end of his life. He subsequently joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was a loyal, faithful member. He was a good, conscientious man, devout in spirit, and constant in his zeal and effort to advance all the interests of the church and to secure the salvation of souls.

Hence he was prepared for the sudden and unexpected call to lay down his work and to enter into that rest that remaineth for the people of God. For several years he had been a member of the official board, and was church trustee and class-leader at the time of his death. He had also served as janitor of the church without expense to the society. He leaves a widow and four children.

A. W. POTTLE.

Emery. — Mrs. Nancy B. Emery was born in Buckfield, Me., and died in her home in the village of North Buckfield, July 28, 1906, aged 82 years.

Mrs. Emery gave herself to God in early life, and during her extended career of more than fourscore years witnessed a good confession and ended her earthly journey in peace. For many years in her early married life she resided in Saco, where she was active and foremost in all the affairs of the church. More than thirty years ago she moved to Boston, where she at once identified herself with the church of her early choice, and, as in her former residence, was active in church work, assisting her pastor in visiting the poor and gathering the neglected into the Sunday-school. Several years ago she returned to her native town, and securing here a cozy home, spent her last years in peace and comfort, prized and enjoyed by all who knew her.

She leaves one son, Captain Howard Emery, of the U. S. Navy. He is now stationed at Key West. He has proved himself a worthy son of

this Christian mother, anticipating and supplying every want in her old age. During the last year of her life, and as she gradually came down to the close of her pilgrimage, she was kindly cared for by her niece, Mrs. Amanda Fogg. It was an occasion of regret that the son, on account of his official duties, could not be with his mother during her last days. But his wife came on, and was at the bedside a week before the death of the mother, and remained till after the funeral.

A. W. POTTLE.

Thomes. — Mrs. Josephine Thomes, wife of Randolph C. Thomes, and daughter of Artemas F. and Hepsibah C. Cole, was born in Buckfield, Me., March 25, 1836, and died, Aug. 2, 1906, at her summer residence on Highland Avenue, Old Orchard, Me.

In early life she married Randolph C. Thomes, who for several years pursued a successful business career in Portland. During this time Mrs. Thomes was a member of the Free Street Baptist Church in Portland, where she was ever active in extending all the interests of that church. On returning to Buckfield to spend their later years, she identified herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, then a comparatively new movement in the town. From that time to the hour of her death she was a pillar of strength to the church, serving all its interests both with time and money to the extent of her ability and with great fidelity. For several years she was treasurer of the society, and was one of its stewards at the time of her death. She has generously remembered the church in her last will and testament, the amount to be held in trust by the Conference trustees, the income of which shall be paid by the presiding elder of the district for the support of preaching in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Buckfield Village.

Mrs. Thomes enjoyed society. She loved companionship. She was an active member of the Buckfield Literary Society, and maintained her interest in the organization to the last. She was kind to the poor and dispensed her charity with a generous hand.

The first of July, according to her custom, she, attended by her sister and her husband, went to her cottage at Old Orchard, hoping that the change would bring physical improvement. But she continued to decline until the end came. She had a delightful, roomy cottage at Old Orchard, where for many years she and her husband had spent their summer months. While away from her Buckfield home and associates, she passed her last few weeks among kind friends and many acquaintances where everything was done to alleviate her sufferings which affection and willing hands could devise. She now rests from her labor, and her works follow.

A. W. POTTLE.

Stearns. — After a few weeks of intense suffering, Miss Mary Stearns, of Lincoln, Mass., "brushed the dew of Jordan," Aug. 15, 1906. She was born in Lincoln, and her life of 69 years was spent in that town.

She was of good old stench Methodist Episcopal stock. Her grandmother, Polly Stearns, and her father, Daniel Stearns, read ZION'S HERALD almost from its start; and though her father has been dead many years, still she kept the paper in the same name. She read it, and was well posted. She was brought up to go to church — two preaching services, Sunday school between, and a rousing prayer meeting in the evening. Weston Methodist Episcopal Church was in those days packed to the doors. She was early converted and joined our church. For some years past, not being situated so as to attend with us, she has made her home with the Lincoln Congregational Church, though retaining her membership with us. Loved by all, a good woman, it was natural for such to say in her last sickness: "The way is clear;" and again: "I want to go home." Father, mother, and brother there, besides many, many friends. After a prayer by her pastor, her last words were: "He has always been precious to me." One more in heaven. She has not forgotten our Weston Church.

The farewell services were held at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Cousens, of Lincoln, where she had made her home for a few years. It was a quiet, peaceful August evening — so like her character — when we laid the casket in its flower-embowered resting place.

One brother, Mr. Stearns, of Brighton, and a

sister, Mrs. Cousens, of Lincoln, still are watching and waiting, a little while longer.

J. ALPHONSO DAY.

Gowan. — Mrs. Laura W. Gowan died in Fullerton, California, July 15, 1906, aged 65 years.

She was the wife of Rev. J. C. Gowan, who was, for several years, a member of the New England Southern Conference, but now of the Southern California Conference. Mrs. Gowan was well known and greatly beloved by all the churches for which she faithfully labored with her husband. She was a child of godly Methodists. The mantle of a consecrated mother fell upon this devoted daughter, and she cheerfully gave herself to Christ and His church.

Her illness was severe, but her soul was triumphant, and she finished her earthly pilgrimage with joy and entered into the home of the redeemed.

H. D. ROBINSON.

Brand. — Thomas Brand, youngest son of James and Janet Brand, was born in Kingsley, Province of Quebec, Canada, Nov. 2, 1836, and died at his residence in Kennebunkport, Me., May 12, 1906, in the 75th year of his age.

Mr. Brand experienced the grace of regeneration early in life, and became affiliated with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Saco, Me. Upon his removal to Kennebunkport, he was transferred with his wife to the membership of Saco Road Church, then connected with the Kennebunk charge. He acted both as steward and trustee of the latter church, and served its interests as a faithful steward and Christian until it was left without a supply.

Thomas Brand was a member of a family of eleven children, of whom only four sisters survive. His brother, Rev. James Brand, D. D., passed away seven years ago in Berlin, Ohio, June 20, 1865. Mr. Brand was married to Miss Phebe Hanson, who passed to her eternal reward in February, 1900. Of this union six children were born. Two members only of this fam-



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ily survive — Owen L. and Helen I. Brand — the others having passed away in infancy.

Mr. Brand was a devoted Christian, unostentatious in bearing, revealing the inner life by outer conformity to the rule of Christ. As a father he was exemplary; as a neighbor, respected and honored; as a Christian, faithful. He passed upward and onward, sincerely mourned by his family and friends, but with the Christian's triumphant hope of a glorious immortality.

The funeral service was conducted by the undersigned at the family residence, and the remains were interred in the Port Cemetery.

GEO. E. MILLWARD.

Dr. W. L. Watkinson

From Presbyterian Banner.

The brightest star and greatest attraction of the Conference at Grove City, Pa., was Dr. W. L. Watkinson, the distinguished Methodist preacher of England. Great as were the expectations his coming had created, he fulfilled them. Many were surprised to find him an old man of nearly seventy, bent and frail in body, weak in voice, but with a face that kindled into a beautiful glow of animation, and a delivery that is not without peculiar elements of effectiveness. One of his most noteworthy lectures was on nature as a witness to religion, as nature is interpreted by current evolutionary science. He quoted Darwin in one of his letters to Prof. Asa Gray as claiming to be a theist and yet as expressing a "horrid doubt" as to whether the human mind is not a "false guide" in such high speculations and hopes. The lecturer maintained that this mistrust of the human mind is unfounded, and involves a mistrust of nature itself. "The scientist that hesitates or refuses to believe in a faithful Creator never fails to believe in a faithful creation." If nature is unerringly true in atom and leaf, can she turn false in human thought and aspiration? It is true that nature is not responsible for the false inferences and freaks of our thought, but she is for our universal and fundamental beliefs and cravings. This principle was wrought out with wonderful variety and freshness and force of illustration. In the closing passages, in applying the principle to the hope of immortality, the lecture became a prose poem and glowed like a gorgeous sunset.



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Editorial

Continued from page 1097

ever known. He began life as a poor tanner in Croydon. Mr. Remick asserts that the faithfulness of the portrait is recognized and admitted to be true by men who knew him intimately.

—Rev. Seth C. Cary, of Dorchester, is greatly enjoying a visit from his brother-in-law, W. K. Bouton, M. D., chief honorary surgeon of the Homeopathic Hospital, Melbourne, Australia. Dr. Bouton is a graduate of Boston University School of Medicine, class of '85. He left Boston, Aug. 21, 1885, and, curiously enough, arrived in this city again, Aug. 21, 1906 — just twenty one year to a day from the time he went away. Dr. Bouton's reputation as a surgeon in Australia is continent-wide.

—Rev. Nathaniel Merrill, the oldest member of the New England Conference, entered his 90th year, Saturday, Aug. 25. The occasion was made a happy festival by his daughter, Rose Merrill Welch, at her summer home, the old Merrill homestead. Here foregathered kin and friends from New York, Boston, Springfield, Worcester, Conway, N. H., and less remote places. Of the two sisters that survived of this notable family, Lucy and Elizabeth, Elizabeth (Mrs. Barton) was able to be present. It was a company that laughed at time who sat beneath the oldest of the ancestral trees to talk of what the eighty-nine full years had seen, while the children and grand children, nephews and nieces, served cake and cream. This memorable day found fitting close in a picture taking moment, in which four generations of Merrills were represented, and, later, in a christening service solemn with beauty when the great grandfather baptized Merrill Ernest Welch, the latest born, and the son of Father Merrill's grandson, Ernest Welch. Heaven make this latest scion of an old tree worthy of his race!

BRIEFLETS

The farther one goes in pursuit of happiness the fainter its trail becomes.

It seems as though the time had come for fixing, as Professor Jordan of the Massachusetts Bureau of Milk Inspection suggests, a standard for ice cream. Cases of poisoning through the eating of ice cream improperly prepared, placed in unclean tins, or kept too long, are altogether too frequent and disastrous. The new regulations put in force regarding the cleanliness of ice cream, specifying that those engaged in its manufacture shall have clean hands, have already resulted in a general housecleaning in the ice cream establishments. Let the good work go on. Ice cream is one of the most popular of delicacies, and properly made is very healthful, in moderate quantities, for the average person. But it should be of the best, for cheap ice cream is worse than none.

It is well to keep an eye on coming events, even if they seem somewhat far off. Plans have been completed for the celebration of the centennial of missions in China, which is to be held in Shanghai for ten days, beginning April 15, 1907. It will be a pleasant feature of this centennial that all the missionary boards and societies, American and European, which have work in China, will be represented. The past one hundred years have been marked by splendid heroism in the conduct of mis-

sionary work in the Celestial Empire (rendered in consequence far more really celestial), and if the results numerically have not equaled expectations, it should be remembered that the work is yet in its infancy; for in dealing with a nation as antique as is China, one hundred years are but as a winter's day.

Directly in line with Dr. William Fairfield Warren's series of papers now appearing in the HERALD, entitled, "Up-to-Date Moods and Methods in Our New England Methodism," are two articles from his untiring pen published in last week's *Christian Advocate* and *Western Christian Advocate*, the topic of the former being, "Shall we Not Hasten to End this Waste?" and of the latter, "Massachusetts to Ohio — A Family Letter." As side lights upon the important work among our foreign-speaking population which Dr. Warren is so wonderfully promoting, these articles serve well.

A notable feature of the successful Northfield meetings this year has been the appeal that they have so generally made to the men, large numbers of whom have been in attendance, or, shall we say, in college parlance, "in residence," for a longer or shorter time. The masculine note in religion should ever be emphasized, not to the exclusion of the feminine, but along with it. The soprano of feminine faith needs to be set off by the deep bass of believing men. It is manly to be a Christian and to be interested in the causes of the Cross, and the men should understand this, and live and plan accordingly.

There is a saying current in New York: "You can always tell a Boston man — but you can't tell him much." Boston has long been noted for its decided "views," but it is the part of wisdom sometimes to take a review of a situation, revising one's opinions, and adding to one's information — which is simply to confess that we are wiser today than we were yesterday. One can learn something even from a New York man. Blessed be the man who is hospitable to new ideas! That man, whoever he may be, is almost as happy as if he lived in Boston.

Emerson once said that, with the wind always in the southwest, women might readily become sailors, but unfortunately the wind is frequently from the northeast. A good many people might do a good many things if they — or the things — were only different. Let us be content with the cultivation of our own aptitudes. We cannot regulate the winds, but we may adjust our powers to the opportunities that offer on either land or sea.

There are some people — perhaps there are many of them — in this country who believe that when the Spanish American War broke out the McKinley Administration and Congress were a little "too previous" in encouraging the idea that the United States would let Cuba take its own course through the troubled sea of national experience. Those people — they may be right — will be reinforced in their opinions by the insurrection now prevailing in Cuba. The rebels will receive no sympathy in the United States. They have been freed from Spanish tyranny, and ought to be content to work out their own problems peaceably. There is no shadow of an excuse for armed insurrection in Cuba. It is time that all that silly "insurgent" business ceased in a country under American suzerainty.

The *Methodist Times* says of Mr. Birrell's closing speech on the Education Bill

(which may now prove to have been an unnecessary piece of oratory), that it was "a triumph" — "brilliant in style, happy in phrasing, and (not the least quality) marked by depth of spirituality. No one can say with any chance of credence that the Minister for Education is actuated by any but religious motives. His appeal to Labor members to base social reforms on the principles of Christianity was peculiarly effective." It is a rare tribute to a statesman to call him with truth deeply spiritual; and yet there is no reason why political leaders as well as unofficial people should not be devout, other-worldly, and the true friends of undefiled religion.

When Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt was arranging for the International Woman Suffrage Alliance meeting in Copenhagen, she received a letter from a foreigner recommending a certain woman as a speaker, saying that she was very mild and generally liked, but adding "she can be very much enraged for truth and justice." There is a suggestion here that is not wholly without value. There are times to be "enraged for truth and justice." Old-time Elijah prided himself on the fact that he had been very jealous for the Lord of hosts. But it makes all the difference in the world whether one gets mad for himself or for truth's sake. Most temper, especially in hot weather, is not rage for righteousness.

The *Advance* of Chicago (Congregationalist) thus refers to Emil Reich, the man who wrote about the bankruptcy of higher criticism, and who alleges that total abstinence produces drunkards: "Dr. Emil Reich is telling the English people that he could have made \$50,000 by lecturing on 'Woman' in America, for two months. Dr. Reich has a powerful imagination. He also thinks that he would never have come back alive, for 'they would have shot me for my views on the American woman.' Dr. Reich does not seem to be aware of the fact that the American people do not express their contempt by shooting a man." How soon is the Western House to republish another of Dr. Reich's volumes?

The average Indian mind is said by those who know to be acute and subtle rather than deep or demonstrative, but now and then an Indian attains to high distinction as a scholar or thinker. The senior wrangler at Trinity College, Cambridge, this year is a young man from India, and he attained that honor after but two years' residence, when all the others in the class had three years' residence. This certainly goes to show that the Indian mind is capable of higher education. No doubt it is also capable of gospel education — which is the highest of all forms of culture.

There is an Oriental tale of a master who gave to a slave seven melons — and afterward asked one of the melons back. Thereupon the slave was disappointed and disgruntled. Then his master chided him, saying: "Should you not rather have thanked me for giving you six luscious pieces of fruit, instead of repining because I reserved one for myself?" The same logic may apply to the reservation of one day in seven for religious purposes. Six days shalt thou labor; and if the first day of the week is demanded by the Lord of all spirits for the higher purposes which He prescribes, who has a right to complain? Moreover, the day which the Lord calls His own is, when rightly observed by men, most truly their day, too — subserving the best interests of their minds, souls and bodies.